

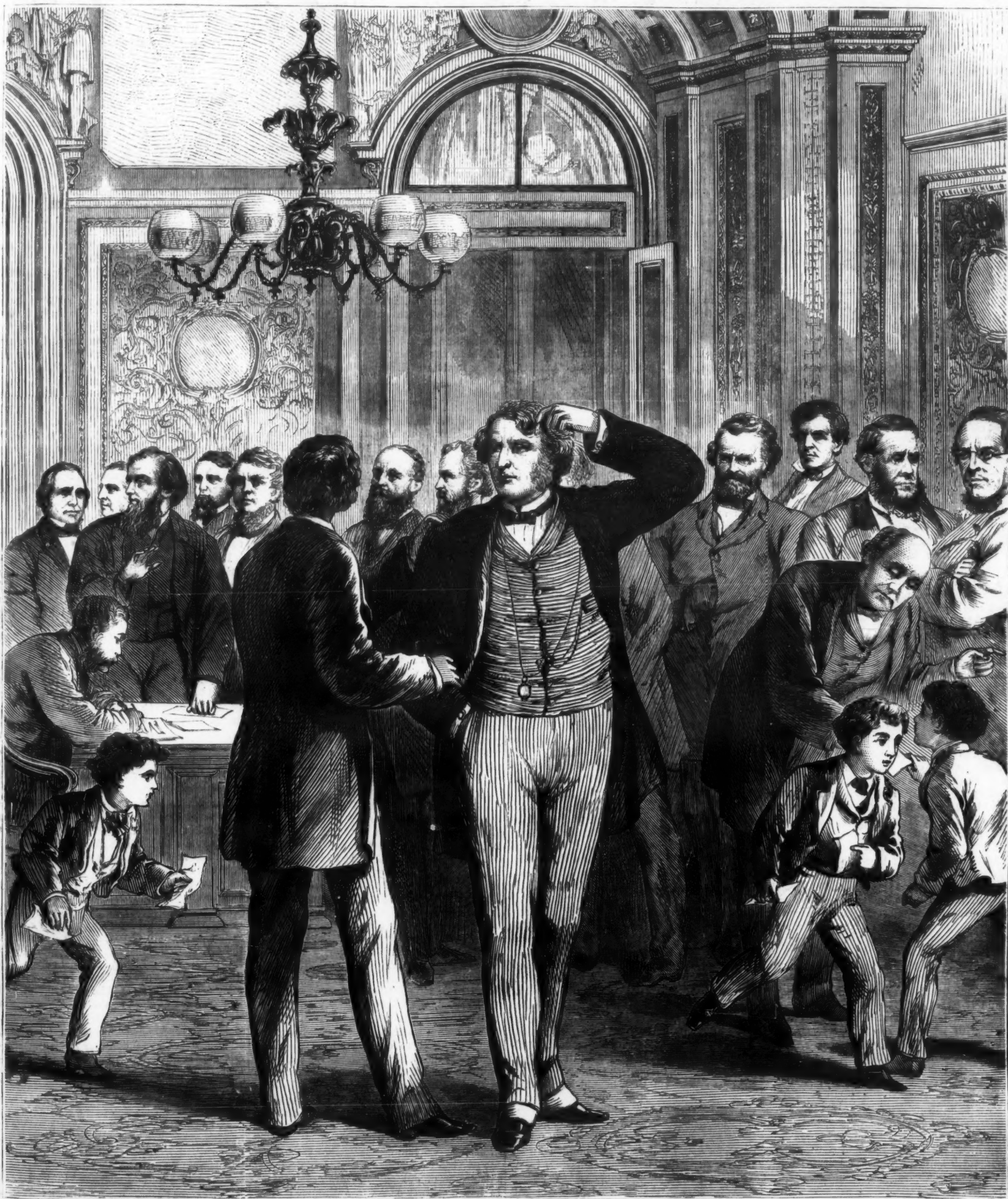
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—REMOVAL OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER FROM THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS—SCENE IN RECEPTION ROOM, CAPITOL; MR. SUMNER RECEIVING THE SYMPATHY OF HIS COLLEAGUES.—FROM A SKETCH BY HENRI H. LOVEL.—SEE PAGE 39.

IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Completion by English Writers of Dickens's
"Mystery of Edwin Drood."

THIS paper will shortly begin to publish the concluding chapters of "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD." They are written with high literary art, advisedly, and in sympathy with the unfinished earlier part. The fact is that Mr. DICKENS, doing what he believed to be his life-work, had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work, and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed while in life.

All these, with much more of data, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that they are really conveying a benefit, as well as a pleasure, to the world, in setting partially at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the "MYSTERY" has given rise. They believe themselves to have been really offering homage to a great name in faithfully gathering up what its bearer left merely in brilliant fragments.

We shall soon lay the novel of "EDWIN DROOD," from its commencement, before our readers. Of the English continuation they will be the first perusers. Our pages are all copyrighted, and there will be no competition amongst American publishers for the honor we have secured of first introducing this completed masterpiece to the American public.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1871.

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GRANT AND HIS PARTY.

"We don't want a politician as President!" So said people two years ago, who would have been thunderstruck at the proposition—"We don't want a soldier at the head of our armies!"

Well, we have had about the result that might have been anticipated from taking a soldier out of the place where he belonged, at the head of the army, and putting him where he does not belong, at the head of the nation. A somewhat corresponding result would probably have followed, had we taken Senator Sumner from the place in the Senate, which he was best fitted to fill, and put him at the head of the Army of the Cumberland in lieu of Sherman!

Round pegs for square holes, and vice versa, are not recommended by good shipbuilders.

But the Republican party "tried it on!" Experience and common sense were both set aside at Chicago, and the result is—Grant as President of the United States; a position for which he is just about as well fitted as for the presidency of Harvard College, or as to be lecturer on Sanscrit.

If it were simple unfitness of which we complain, that might be got over or endured, for very incapable men and some very incapable women contrive to get along by calling to their aid and following the advice of persons who are competent to direct them. That marvel of native genius, Miss Ream, gave a post-mortem cast of Mr. Lincoln's head and a photograph of his classic form to the professional chisellers of Rome (as was proper, she being one of the greatest chisellers of Washington), and we know how grand is the result. But what would it have been, if she had supplemented Booth, and done in stone what he did in the flesh, with her own hand? Or if she had called some Hoosier stone-mason to her aid? Or, say, half-a-dozen of them?

If she had done this, she would have done precisely what General Grant has done, in a different direction.

Here is a man painfully ignorant of his country's history, its constitution, its settled policy, its requirements and best interests, in utter disregard of the National sentiment as expressed through the people's Representatives, setting up his crude notions and crazy measures, with autocratic insolence, conceit and obstinacy—usurping powers not delegated by the Constitution, and by threats, persuasion and misuse of patronage not only seek-

ing to compel the party that created him, but the whole country, to his will. Were he surrounded by advisers of recognized ability, and by statesmen of experience, the public might be expected to defer to his measures or "policy" with certain confidence and respect, and accept them as the matured results of enlightened judgment, safe and expedient. But his advisers are not of a kind to lend the slightest sanction to his propositions. The best of them is only an example of tame mediocrity; and as for the rest of them, why, there is not one in ten thousand in the country who can call their names. They have not even that adventitious notoriety which utterly commonplace and incompetent men sometimes obtain.

And yet this man, with such surroundings, has the audacity to require a great party to bow to his dictum, and at his will to strike down its ablest and most experienced member! And we are told he is gleeful over his work, or was so until the result of the election in New Hampshire became known. We have heard of idiots and lunatics who danced around the blaze of their own dwellings, of which they were themselves the incendiaries.

QUIET REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENTS IN MORMONDOM.

THE present condition of things in Utah forms a cheering contrast to the despotism prevalent till lately in that region. The latest accounts show that the progress of population and improvement in surrounding States and Territories, and likewise in that Territory, coupled with the firmness now evinced by the National Government in the affairs of Utah, are having salutary effect in repressing the insolence and insubordination too long manifested by the ruler of Mormondom. The power hitherto wielded by Brigham Young—one of the most remarkable compounds of temporal and ecclesiastical tyranny, combining the power of prince and priest—has at last been checkmated. Free speech, independent journalism and unfettered enterprise—guaranteed now by the efficient action of National laws, and courts and troops—are signaling their influence in overthrowing the polygamous Church-and-State despotism that has long rendered Utah a plague-spot on the American nation.

The Pacific Railroad, destroying the isolation which so long shielded Mormondom, has, even in that respect alone, rendered an equivalent for some of the many millions with which a liberal Government endowed its constructors. The "Gentile" population thus thrown into the Rocky Mountain region generally, as well as particularly into Utah, could not long be expected to submit patiently to the anomalous sway of the Mormon monarch (for a monarch Brigham Young substantially was) in a region so important as Utah is in reference to the improvement of a large section of our continent.

The Mormon repression of mineral research in Utah is one of the great causes that are now revolutionizing affairs in that Territory. While California, Colorado, Nevada, Idaho and Montana, are reaping golden harvests from their mineral deposits, the people of those and other regions naturally inquire why mining enterprise should be excluded from a Territory rich as Utah is believed to be in mineral treasures. And many hardy miners from those surrounding States and Territories, encouraged now by the presence of efficient National civil and military authorities at Salt Lake, are swarming into the mineral localities, which the Mormons, who till lately controlled everything thereabouts, had "sealed" for their own use, as they have long been "sealing" women in droves for their harems. These miners are not the sort of people to be humbugged by the usurpation whereby the Territorial Legislature, almost exclusively Mormonish, granted the mining districts to Brigham Young and his disciples. The right of "prospecting" and "locating" mineral tracts and farming lands is now being asserted by the "Gentiles," under the land laws of the United States; and thousands upon thousands of hardy miners are actually at work in localities which the Mormons had thus attempted to secure for themselves—for future use—to the exclusion of all others. "For future use," we say—for it is one of the most remarkable facts in Brigham Young's policy, that he has steadily opposed the commencement of mining operations by his "chosen people"—from apprehension that the mineral treasures would attract to his territory a class of people who would soon upset his sway. The design was to keep the mines thus "sealed" till Utah should be admitted as a State—when, Mormonism being yet in the ascendant, as the Saints expected, more stringent rules might be adopted to manage the mines in a way repellent to the "Gentiles"—who were to be treated much in the same manner that Christian California treats the "heathen Chinese" in its diggings.

The course of the National Judge at Salt Lake somewhat resembles the decision of General Butler in reference to "contrabands." It cuts into Mormonism as summarily as the

slave-property question was disposed of. It is of course known to readers generally that most of the Mormons are foreigners—for natives or adopted citizens generally know enough about our political and social institutions not to be caught in Brigham's trap. Judicial action has now cut off his supply of voters from other lands. When asked to naturalize any of these foreign Mormons, the Judge puts them through a course of questions about polygamy—asking, among other things, whether they have, or desire to have, more wives than our laws and customs allow? The answers generally show that the applicants, even if they have at present only one wife each, assert the right to have any number of wives; and that, too, under laws paramount to all our civil laws. Hence the Judge concludes that the applicants are not possessed of the moral feelings and political principles which should characterize American citizens—and he therefore refuses to naturalize them.

The effect of such proceedings concerning mining and matrimony in Mormondom may readily be imagined.

We mention these matters as prominent among the novelties in our Rocky Mountain regions—as significant signs of the quiet overthrow which Mormon power is now willing under—as indications that the time is not far distant when the "Latter-Day Saints" will seek among the Pacific Islands for that isolation which our mountain region no longer affords them, and without which they cannot exist as an organized body—as the Mormon System is a politico-sectarian concern—a Church-and-State combination—which cannot exist harmoniously under the just and liberal principles of our National and State Governments.

THE VINE OR THE POPPY?

ON Thursday, the 9th of March last, a gentleman of French extraction, Captain Labush, was entertained at dinner, by a large party of friends, in celebration of his one hundred and sixth birthday. "He was born ten years before our revolt culminated in the Declaration of Independence. In the year of his birth the partition of Poland consolidated the Kingdom of Prussia, and completed the creative work of Frederick. He was forty years of age when, before his eyes, on the battle-field of Jena, the great Emperor destroyed the military power of the kingdom, and reduced to nothing the army organization which had excited for years the ignorant admiration of Europe. He saw the dramatic meeting of Napoleon and Alexander on the raft at Tilsit, where the Emperors made peace in the ready fashion of those times; and, a few years later, he formed a portion of the guard that kept watch in St. Helena over the dethroned and exiled conqueror of the world."

And yet this man is probably the largest consumer of "poisonous drugs" in the world. If we may credit a contemporary, he takes enough opium in a day to kill "the New York Ring." What a pity he could not sacrifice one day's enjoyment to that patriotic purpose! One of his hosts proclaimed that "he drinks daily doses of laudanum sufficient to kill twice as many as sit around the table. What must we think that the Captain is made of, when we come to know that he once took, at a single dose, as many grains of opium to save his life as would have put an end to the lives of as many ordinarily constituted people as he is years of age? Let him who doubts challenge the Captain to pledge him in the largest goblet of laudanum, and he will see him drink it off with as much impunity as his rivals in color, claret and Burgundy."

Of the effects of opium taken habitually into the system, the example of our Captain probably forms an exception to the rule. Still, his is by no means a solitary instance.

To the familiar and typical cases of "Coleridge and De Quincey, Robert Hall and Lamartine, we may add that of Mahomet Rhiza Khan of Schiraz, who took opium enough at a time to poison thirty ordinary men, and was full of vigor at the age of ninety-six. Drs. Oxley and O'Shaughnessy, of Calcutta, both testify to the proverbial longevity of opium-eaters among the natives of India. The Assi-Batang (gold-traders), a class notoriously given to smoking the drug, are, according to Marsden, singularly healthy and robust; while the packers and other manipulators in the opium factories in Benares, working in an atmosphere charged with the exhalations from the gummy masses, have an average of life beyond their fellow-handicraftsmen in general. Most wonderful of all is the history, related by Dr. Calkins, of an officer in the 60th British Rifles, born in 1766. "After arduous service all round the world, a severe thigh wound at Busaco, trials by shipwreck and loss of fortune—to him opium has for years been the pabulum vite. Upon a medium calculation this Nestor of opium-eaters has got through, in half a century or so, two-thirds of a hundred-weight of solid opium, his personal appearance and habitual carriage betokening at the present time a hale and vigorous vete-

ran scarcely advanced to years fourscore. His regular dose daily, sixty grains of the solid gum, occasionally raised even to seventy-five grains, produces, we are told, little perceptible effect beyond the alternative symptoms of constipation and diarrhea."

On the whole, as regards alcoholic or other stimulants, no rule can be laid down for universal observance. From a careful survey of the effects upon a human organism of tobacco and coca, tea and coffee, most persons of sense will be inclined to deduce the fact that stimulants in some form or other are, not less than direct articles of aliment, the subject of a natural and needful appetite, and that a denial or stint in one direction will almost inevitably tend toward excess or abnormal indulgence in another.

ADULTERATION OF FOOD, MEDICINE, ETC.

UNDER the alarming caption of "Death in the Pot," *Blackwood's Magazine*, though not generally addicted to "sensational" articles, startled its readers, a half-century ago, by a stirring review of a book issued by Professor Accum, a German chemist in London, concerning culinary poisons. The book and review were alike calculated to disturb the minds and stomachs of sensitive readers. Reference to the exposures of that time may at least console the present generation, as misery loves company, with the knowledge that others before us have suffered under gastronomic afflictions.

While we cannot claim priority or monopoly of the complicated evils produced by adulteration in articles most requisite for human sustenance, we may, without underrating the skill of roguery in former years, safely assert that "progress" has been and is as much the law in rascality as in the honest pursuits of life. Some of the most notable discoveries and improvements in science and art, for which this last age is distinguished, have been seized on by burglars, counterfeiters, and other rogues, for facilitating the accomplishment of their schemes. To such extent is this the case, for instance, that bank and treasury notes are so adroitly altered or counterfeited by chemical means and by the graver's skill, that even the issuers can scarcely tell, at first sight, which are genuine or spurious; while the recent chemical achievement in compressing oxygen has so far revolutionized the strongholds of banks and treasuries, that, as the *Scientific American* says, it is now "impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe—for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can, in a few seconds, burn holes of any size in the hardest metal"—"his fire-drill enabling him, in a few minutes, to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed."

But we leave bankers and other treasure-holders to defend their coffers as best they may against the skill of counterfeiters and burglars, while compassion for the stomachs of suffering multitudes impels us to aid once more in awakening the community to the necessity of adopting efficient measures for repressing other forms of fraud—fraud most shocking, as it affects health and life. Public attention and execration should be promptly turned toward the multitudinous adulterations in articles of food and medicine—for even the drugs, as well as the food daily swallowed, are bedeviled with insidious compounds, as was forcibly demonstrated by General Dix, when in the National Senate, while urging the passage of a law for repressing the infamous practices in adulterating medicines.

Our business is now, however, with the most monstrous of the impositions practiced in wholesale ways upon the community, in reference to an article which all people, poor and rich, use at their every meal. Bread, "the staff of life," is adulterated to an extent that may astonish even those who imagine they look thoroughly into their daily diet.

Recent discoveries of "white earth" in Georgia are hailed by some persons as very valuable, through the increasing demand for the article from localities already profiting by this peculiar deposit. But the facts elicited by these discoveries are calculated to affect future profits by rousing public indignation and watchfulness concerning the villainous uses to which this peculiar commodity is largely turned. This innocent-looking "white clay," it seems, is largely used in adulterating flour, confectionery, and even drugs! The *Savannah Republican*, and other papers, enumerate these among the prominent uses of the "treasures" thus mined from the Southern soil and largely shipped for consumption in the North. To be sure, considerable use is made of the article in making pottery, paper, etc., but the fact remains that a large share is swallowed by people in various forms—from confectionery and drugs up to the larger use in the shape of bread! The *Savannah paper* says that probably not less than eight thousand (8,000) tons have been annually sent, for some time past, by the railroads from Georgia—that is,

from one locality, before the discovery just made elsewhere in that State.

The "Clay-eaters" of the Carolinas have long been known as a numerous class; but the luxury they indulge in has the merit of being nowise disguised, and is used as a "sweet morsel" to vary the sensations produced by tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, and "snuff-dipping"—the latter luxury being chiefly confined to the fair sex.

The clay devoured by this class of what are called in the South "poor white trash" differs from the Georgian article now sent northward to regale the Yankees. The Carolina article is said to be a different kind, in color and otherwise, being brownish in tinge and somewhat unctuous in quality; whereas the article exported from Georgia for Northern consumption is white, and so closely resembles fine flour, with which it is mixed when ground, that few, except experienced eyes, could tell the difference on looking at samples of each.

The Carolinian "Clay-eaters" have the advantage, inasmuch as they willingly regale themselves with what costs them nothing; whereas our Northerners swallow a less wholesome article, for which they pay the price of bread and confectionery and drugs.

A friend informs us about some facts illustrative of this matter. While in Rochester, a couple of years ago, he was shown a printed circular, inclosing a specimen of what was called "German white clay," pulverized so finely, and looking so well, that, even in the "Flour City," it might deceive the generality by its appearance. The circular was from a firm in Philadelphia, offering to send further supplies at reduced rates, having fresh supplies on hand. It was addressed simply to the "Genesee Falls Mills." The building was then used for other purposes, flour being no longer made in it; and the occupant opened it, as being the only person entitled to read a circular thus directed, and showed our friend the contents—handing both letter and specimen, soon after, to some one of the public officers, for the purpose of causing an examination of the fraudulent transactions indicated by this accidental discovery. But whether any examination was actually made, "this deponent saith not."

SENATOR PATTERSON, of New Hampshire, in a recent speech before the people of that State, took high ground against the Santo Domingo Job, for the reason that we have icebergs and hurricanes enough. He said that General Sherman had informed him that to protect Dominica would require a standing army of 5,000 men, which would be maintained at an annual expense of \$10,000,000, and this would be a small part of the expense. The purchase money would amount to \$40,000,000, and in addition to this would be the heavy expense of building fortifications and guarding the seaboard. The inhabitants are ignorant, and, while we would educate the world, our first duty is at home. The people are rebellious, too, for it is only a few years since Spain sent 40,000 men there to suppress a rebellion, 30,000 of whom found their graves, and Spain lost the country. France had tried to govern them, and lost 40,000 soldiers and millions of treasure. Is the prospect any brighter for the United States? General Sherman had said, in a Cabinet meeting, that "this annexation would be the first nail in our coffin."

A HINDOOSTANI JOURNAL, published at Mirat, in Bengal, under the name of *Akhbar-i-Alam*, has the following curious "appreciation" of European and American women:

"The French ladies prefer in a husband an open brow and smiling face; the German, one who is agreeable and, above all, faithful to his word; the Dutch, one who is pacific and disinclined to quarrel or fight; the Spanish, one who can vindicate his honor and avenge himself; the Italian, one who only dreams and meditates; the Russian ladies prefer their own countrymen, who consider all the nations of the West as barbarians; the Danish, those who stay at home and hate traveling; the English, 'gentlemen' who dance attendance on those in power and can ingratiate themselves with them. But as for the American ladies, they will marry anybody, no matter whom, without caring about his rank or social position—he may be maimed, a cripple, deaf or blind—if he be only rich!"

It is some small satisfaction, says the London *Lancet*, to know that railway companies do not maim, mutilate and kill their passengers gratuitously. During the past year a total sum of \$1,638,575 was expended by railway companies in the United Kingdom as compensation for personal injury. It would be interesting, but impossible, to collect particulars as to the injuries inflicted upon their victims, whose hurts are supposed to have been healed by the application of over a million and a half of money.

A YOUNG gentleman of Philadelphia, who went out to Santo Domingo, under the auspices of General Grant, was lately the recipient of a dinner at the rooms of the Union League Club of the Quaker City. He had seen the country, albeit through rose-colored glasses, and was able to calculate the exact value, in dollars, of Samana; but we must do him the credit to say

that he did not pretend that the acquisition of Santo Domingo was the only direct and simple way of paying off the National Debt. Nor did he stigmatize the Senate as "silly." He spoke his piece as well as he could, and has since been very properly gazetted to the post of a Treasury Solicitor. In the interval, we believe, Senator Sumner has been removed from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. An election, we hear, has also taken place in New Hampshire. Another is soon to come off in Connecticut. There will also be a General Election a year from next November.

DULUTH is the name of a flourishing baby city on Lake Superior. It is situated at the head of the Lake navigation, on the American side, and is the starting-point of the Mississippi and Lake Superior Railroad, now finished to St. Paul, and of the Northern Pacific Railroad, now being constructed, from the waters of Lake Superior to the waters of Puget Sound on the Pacific Coast. On the 22d day of April, 1869, the entire population of this town was all told, men, women, and children, 90 souls. There was not a store within five miles of it, and but a half dozen houses. Now it contains 160 stores, a bank, grain warehouse, five churches, one daily and two weekly newspapers, and a population of 4,000 souls.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

ALL eyes, at the recent opening of Parliament, were directed to the figure of the Princess Louise, who, with Princess Beatrice, accompanied her mother at that ceremony. For once royalty was eclipsed, in the general regard, by the interest attached to one of royalty's attendants; and the interest was created by the fact that this young Princess, who assisted so naturally at a royal pageant, was about to leave the ranks of royalty to contract a *mésalliance* with a subject. The fair girl stood beside her imperial mother, as the latter listened to the reading of the message by the Lord Chancellor; with her own little hand Princess Louise arranged the state robes over the back of the royal throne, so that the crimson velvet might be gracefully exposed. Her eye must have wandered from the widow's cap and weeds for which, on her mother's form, those crimson folds were exchanged, to the vacant chair, always kept, since her father's death, in his honor beside the throne. And the Princess must have felt, with those reminders of bereavement before her, that the most gracious matrimonial promises of this world are liable to mournful change, and that only Death is royal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FRANK LESLIE'S new and handsome periodical, "ONCE A WEEK," is quickly progressing in public favor, its last numbers more than confirming the good opinion generally formed of its first. The Press throughout the country speak of it in the highest terms of praise. Its second title, "The Young Lady's Own Journal," is a very happy one, for the young ladies, *en masse*, are subscribing for it, its illustrations, tales, and fashion-plates being especially acceptable to that delightful class of the community. The price—six cents—is as low as the quality is high.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—The National Assembly at Bordeaux.—Scene on the Pont Neully, Paris.—Distribution of Provisions at the Belleville Market, Paris.—Arrival of the First Oxen at Paris.

The French National Assembly meets in the Grand Theatre, in the centre of the Place de la Comédie, the principal open square of Bordeaux. The roof of the building is supported by ten massive columns, which rise behind the boxes. A temporary floor has been laid at the level of the dress circle, forming one great hall, which includes the boxes. Between the columns, above, are balconies, in two tiers, but no upper boxes. Benches for the members are placed on the floor, which, together with the boxes, will seat about six hundred. The President's place is upon the stage itself, which, as the pit slopes up, is the lowest part of the house. Upon the stage is a large structure some twelve feet in height. The President's place is in the centre of this.

The scene on the Pont Neully was extraordinary in the first days of the armistice. Immense numbers of the peasantry belonging to the country around Paris, and of the citizens having villas or cottages in the western suburbs beyond the Bois de Boulogne, crowded the way through Neully, across the Seine, to Puteaux, Courbevoie, and Asnières, thence spreading in every direction to the German lines of investment; while many others of the townsfolk came out in order to satisfy their curiosity by seeing the traces of warlike mischief or viewing the last great battle-field outside the fortress of Mont Valérien. At the same time there was an influx of new traffic and travel from the country into Paris, so that the bridge and road from Courbevoie, on the left bank of the Seine, to the Arc de Triomphe, in the Champs Elysées, displayed a continual double stream of wagons, vans, omnibuses, and other vehicles, with thousands upon thousands of foot-passengers moving to and fro; and a guard of cavalry assisted to keep order amongst them, in the absence of the French sergents-de-ville.

The distribution of the provisions forwarded from England, at the Belleville Market, was an event of much importance to the Parisians. Each person received a biscuit, a piece of bacon or pork, a small portion of preserved mutton, a slice of cheese, and two cakes of chocolate or a packet of sugar. In Belleville alone 150,000 rations were required. In order to increase the quantity, the Belleville authorities added some of their canteen reserves, and several casks of butter and wine were sold at half their value to such as were disposed to take advantage of the occasion. One side of the market was used for cutting and chopping. The mutton-cans were opened in a most

summary way; the can was placed on a block, and with one blow of a hatchet split in half.

The excitement attending the arrival of the first oxen in Paris was equalled only by that following the appearance of the fish-carts. Like the early installments of all kinds of food, everybody was anxious to get a portion, and for a time the eagerness of the populace could scarcely be restrained. Thanks to the liberality of foreign friends, the larders of these suffering people are now in a condition to render life a matter of greater certainty.

England.—Room Over Temple Bar, London.—Ancient Roman Altars at Maryport, Cumberland.

Many strangers in London passing down Fleet street, have noticed the archway connecting that street with the Strand, and wondered greatly over its possible use. Within it, however, is a transparent chamber, having a round-headed, small paned church-window on each side of it, east and west—that is, the Strand side and the Fleet-street side—used for preserving the books of the old firm of the Child Brothers. The one window looks into London, the other into the liberty of Westminster; for the old gate that little Sir Christopher built after the Great Fire, stands, on a frontier, and is, indeed, a sort of fragile fortress, or glass house, from which you might bombard, if you were so evilly minded, either the city or the suburbs. From the one window, between the one-legged fantastic statues of Charles I. and his son Charles II., you look up the Strand to where the sickly trees of St. Clement Dances partly hide the church, which stands awkwardly sideways across the road, in order to face the east. The east window, on the other hand, stands between Elizabeth and James, looking toward St. Dunstan. Many a time these identical panes of glass have flashed back the red light of the torches of the wild Protestant mobs that, under the secret direction of that worthy naval chaplain, Titus Oates, used to come here in Charles II.'s time, and crown with laurel that very statue of Elizabeth you still see. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was used as a bar, being then a wooden structure. In commemoration of his restoration, Charles II. had it built after its present fashion. It was from the top of the arch that the heads of traitors were formerly exposed to view.

The local antiquaries of Cumberland and Westmoreland had a grand treat offered them last July. Sometime previously seventeen Roman altars (the most remarkable discovery of the kind on record) were found buried together in a field on the estate of Mr. Senhouse, at Maryport, near to the old Roman camp there, and, with one exception, bearing inscriptions distinctly legible. Mr. John Buchanan, of Glasgow, who is familiar with the inscriptions found upon the Roman Wall in Scotland, all of which belong to the reign of Antoninus Pius, thinks these altars, as well as the cut of the letters, closely resemble those found along the Antonine Wall; that their era is about the reign of Antoninus Pius; that they were carved at the early period of which he speaks, but that they were buried in the spot where they have been found long before the abandonment of Britain by the Romans.

Holland.—The Fish-Market at Amsterdam.—Loading Vessels for Paris.

A large portion of the fish sent to Paris after the capitulation was forwarded from Amsterdam, where several large vessels were loaded. On the arrival of the first load, the demonstrations of the half-starved people nearly assumed the proportions of a riot; but successive gifts, swelling the quantity so that all might expect a share, were received in a far more orderly manner.

ART NOTES.

A PICTURE by Mr. Eastman Johnson, called "The Old Stage Coach," has been exhibiting at Goupil's. It is one of those suggestive, tender, thoughtful pictures, in which this artist excels, contriving to carry the thought beyond and above the mere lines of the composition, and set the spectator to story-making for himself. Those who have been enjoying the picture agree that the unanimous praises bestowed upon it by the press are not exaggerated.

The practice which several of the leading clubs in New York have adopted of providing for a picture exhibition at each of their monthly meetings is at once a cause and an effect of increasing interest in Art. Among the works exhibited at the last monthly meeting of the Union League Club were very noticeable pictures by S. R. Gifford, Kensett, Bristol, Loop, Cropsey, Sonntag, Tiffany, Hope, Perry, Brown, Satterlee, Henry, Smith, R. Swain Gifford, La Farge Hicks, J. H. Beard, G. H. Hall, Julian Scott, Carter, Holberton, Pope, Mrs. J. H. Beer, Mrs. E. Selgwin and Otto Weber.

MR. J. ROY ROBERTSON, Vice-President of the Palette Club, has been visiting Albany, for the purpose of painting a portrait of Judge Chase, and for other commissions.

MR. S. P. AVERY, one of our most cultivated experts, has been exhibiting, at the Somerville Gallery, on Fifth avenue, his wealth of pictures and French bronzes, Japanese, Chinese and European curiosities in silver, glass, porcelain, ivory and lacquer, and antique furniture, preparatory to their exposure for sale on account of the departure of the present owner for Europe. Church, Durand, Boughton, S. R. Gifford, Guy, Kensett, Eastman Johnson, J. M. Hart, J. G. Brown, Casilear, Thorn, W. T. Richards, W. H. Beard, the late Thomas Cole, Whittredge, Henry, Shattuck, C. C. Ward, Lambdin, Hubbard, Bellows, McEntee, Homer, Peck, and other well-known American artists, as well as Saal, Meyer, Trayer, Herzog, Leavel, Muller, Brion, Anker, Lambinet, and a number of foreign artists, are represented in the collection. The sale took place March 20th and 21st.

MR. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, well-known in Metropolitan Art circles as the Secretary of the National Academy of Design, is about placing on sale a collection of his own paintings, which is remarkable for its great variety of subject and treatment. It embraces one hundred pieces, and as a series of reminiscences of an artist's travel and study, is very comprehensive. There are many beautiful landscapes of scenes along the Rhine, in Switzerland, Italy, the vicinity of Mont Blanc and our Southern and Western States. The smaller pieces are careful studies of fruits and flowers—a large proportion of the latter being perfect gems of art. The high reputation of the artist, and the superior excellence of his work, will, without doubt, attract many connoisseurs to the sale. The paintings are to be exhibited, day and night, at the Somerville Art Gallery, from the 23d of March until the evening of the 29th, when the sale will take place. The pictures are all tastefully framed, and form a most valuable collection.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

GRAFULLA's band gave their third and last evening promenade concert at the Seventh Regiment Armory on the 11th inst.

THE public rehearsals of the Ninth Regiment band at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoons are becoming quite popular.

CHARLES FECHTER and Miss Leclercq commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre, on the 20th, in "The Lady of Lyons."

A COMEDY, by Arthur Sketchley, a former contributor to this paper, entitled "Up in the World," has proved successful, at the Strand, London.

MR. MARK SMITH, the genial gentleman and excellent actor, has been engaged to play *Autolyca*, in a "A Winter's Tale," on its production at Booth's Theatre, April 24th.

"ACROSS THE CONTINENT," with Oliver Doud Byron, is on the boards at Wood's Museum, and is well received by the many patrons of that interesting and instructive house.

ALBERT AIKEN has leased Lina Edwin's Theatre for a summer season, commencing July 31st, during which he will act in his own plays, and have the support of a stock company.

THE Euterpe Society of New York gave their third concert at Association Hall, March 11th. The following artists appeared: The Misses T. Saast, Maria Brainard, A. Sanger, Hill, Mrs. Dr. Ayres, Clark and Remmert. J. F. Morgan was the conductor.

THE Germans of New York are to have a grand Peace Jubilee on Easter Monday, April 10th, embracing special services in their churches, a procession, an illumination, and a choice musical and dramatic entertainment at the Stadt Theatre, in aid of the Relief Fund.

A TESTIMONIAL CONCERT was given at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 18th, in honor of Mr. U. C. Hill, the founder and first president of the Philharmonic Society. His old associates and several eminent artists, including Miss Kellogg and S. B. Mills, assisted at this compliment.

MR. HARLEY NEWCOMB conducted a series of three choral festivals at the Academy of Music, New York, last week. Six hundred pupils of up-town schools assisted in the choruses, and vocal and instrumental selections were interpreted by Miss Henrietta Beebe, Miss Graziella Ridgway, and the Poznanski Brothers. The proceeds were for the benefit of the German and French orphans.

WILLIAM HORACE LINGARD and his dramatic company commenced an engagement at Lina Edwin's Theatre, on Monday evening, March 6th. The performance commenced with the farce entitled "A Silent Protector," and closed with Robertson's comedy of "David Garrick." Mr. Lingard appeared in some twelve songs and impersonations, which were rendered with that fun and artistic skill which have hitherto characterized his performances.

THERE is a good prospect of a season of Italian opera, of four weeks' duration, at the Academy of Music, commencing about the 1st of May. It is said that the four leading artists are to come from Havana, where they are now delighting large audiences. The *tenore di forza* is Signor Villani, the *tenore di grazia* is Signor Caroselli, the soprano is Madame Ida Visconti, the contralto is Mile. Himela. Signor Orlandini is to be the baritone of the troupe.

MILE. NILSSON was warmly greeted on the occasion of her return to New York and appearance in oratorio. On Wednesday evening, March 15th, she sang at Steinway Hall, in "The Creation." She was assisted by Miss Pauline Canessa, the favorite young prima donna; George Simpson, the regular tenor of oratorio; Whitney, the Boston basso; S. P. Warren, organist, and the Meldeissohn Union, under the direction of George Bristow. The entertainment was repeated in Brooklyn on the 17th.

A NEW season of German opera was inaugurated at the Stadt Theatre, New York, March 14th, with the romantic opera of "La Juive," by Halevy. Madame Louise Lichtmay was in superb voice, Herr Habelmann, agreeably surprised his friends by his marked vocal improvement, while to Herr Bernard the large audience awarded the chief honors of the evening, for his fine delineation of the character of Eleazar. On the 15th "Fra Diavolo," was produced with Habelmann in the title rôle.

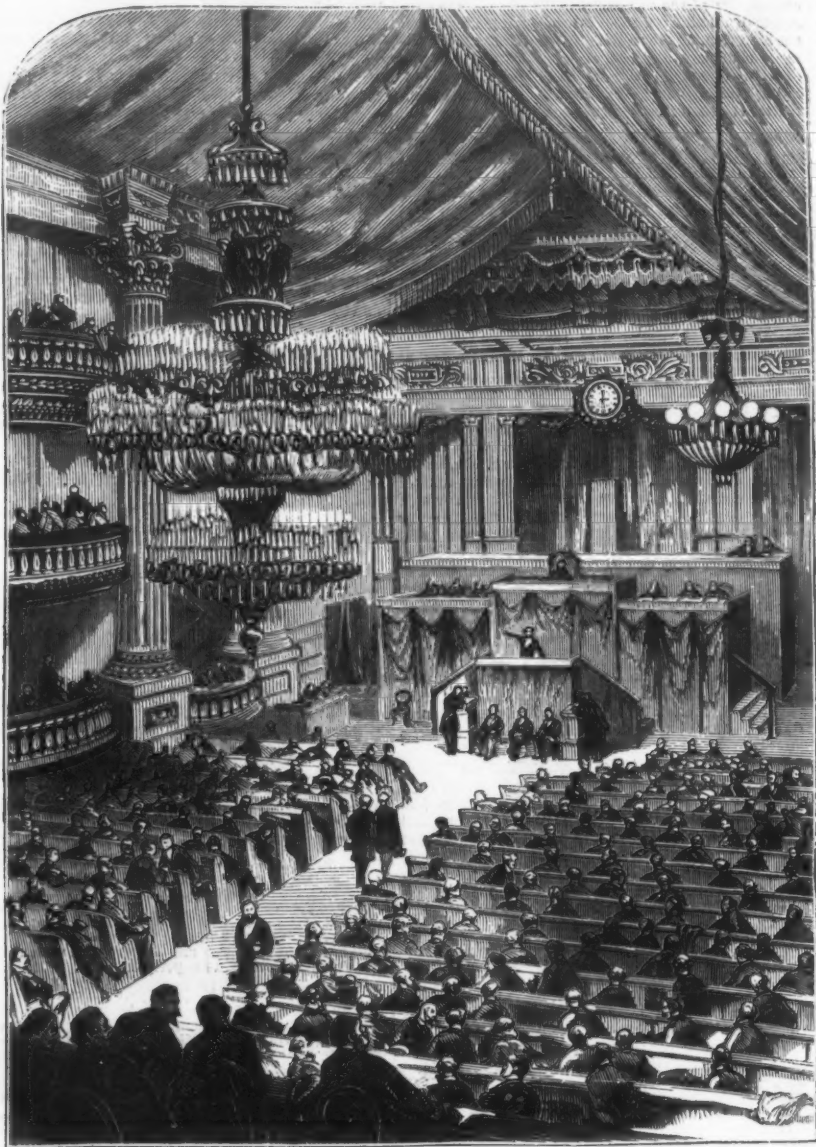
RICH treats are in store for the patrons of metropolitan theatres. "Othello" was brought out at Booth's on the 20th, with the regard for rich accessories that rendered "Richelieu" and "Much Ado" so attractive; "Jezebel" is soon to be placed before the public at the Fifth Avenue; "Richard III." is nearly ready for representation at Niblo's; "Iphigenia" with Miss Agnes Ethel, succeeded the "Richelieu of the Period," at the Olympic, on the 20th; and Madame Seebach appeared as *Desdemona*, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on the 21st.

ON Tuesday evening, March 14th, a selected corps of the pupils of Public School No. 15, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave the last of two representations of the burlesque opera of "Pepita," in the Brooklyn Athenæum. The piece extends over five acts, and gave abundant exercise for the display of the vocal and histrionic talents of the young ladies who filled both the male and female rôles of the piece. The chief parts were sustained by Miles. V. Deboys, L. Duell and L. Wilsher. The performances were designed to procure funds for the purchase of a chemical apparatus for the school, and the pecuniary result was eminently satisfactory.

THE Lotos "Saturday Nights" are as delightful a *mélange* of wit, wisdom, mirth and music as any city can boast, and very few public entertainments present such a host of talent as one finds at these pleasant meetings from time to time. Wehl, Mills, Randolph, Lawrence, J. R. Thomas, Simpson, DeSolla, Arthur Mathison, Stanford, John Brougham, George Hows, Colonel Knox, Lawrence Barrett, Harkins, Mark Smith, Grey (with his Chinese songs), and Mayor Hall (the President of the Club, all contributing by piano, song, or recitation to the intellectual enjoyment of the throng of members, already brightened by good fellowship and brilliant talk. Lotos must be excellent brain food, if we may judge by these lively eaters of it.

MR. BOOTH'S briefish revival of "Much Ado About Nothing," at his theatre, has been happily succeeded by "Othello"—a play which, either in the title part or in that of *Iago*, he never fails to adorn with the most sterling qualities of intelligence and enthusiasm. In the elegant comedy through which floats the figure of *Benedick*, Mr. Booth is like a strong man trying to swim in some shining vapor. When he rallies *Beatrice* it is rather incisive than amusing, when he makes love it is like some devouring agony, and when he pursues his mistress he skips. In such scenes as that in which he is the eavesdropper of a garden bower, his play is a little defaced by fussiness; he acts too much. At the same time, that he is overpoweringly handsome, graceful, alert and intelligent in the part must be conceded; but he brings his great qualities into a function too narrow for them. The comedy was enjoyable for some other attributes, for instance the broad breathing-spaces of this liberal stage, the art-quality of some of the scenes, and the rich historic costuming. Of the support there is really nothing to say. One word, however, ought to be said of the actor who was permitted to caricature the friar's rôle—a short part on which Shakespeare has lavished his most exquisite word-music, but which is here deformed to ridicule and mangled to incoherence.

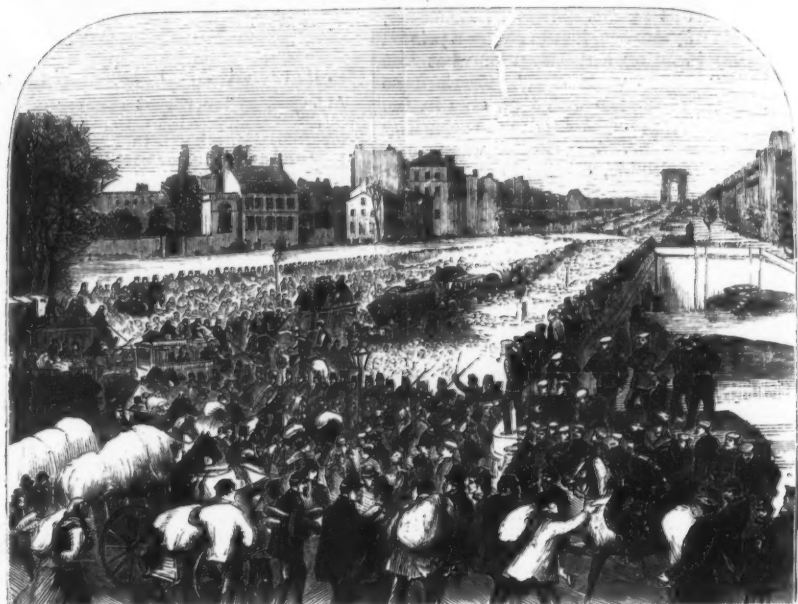
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



FRANCE.—MEETING OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT BORDEAUX—DISCUSSING THE TERMS OF PEACE.



ENGLAND.—CURIOUS COLLECTION OF ANCIENT ROMAN ALTARS, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT MARYPORT CUMBERLAND.



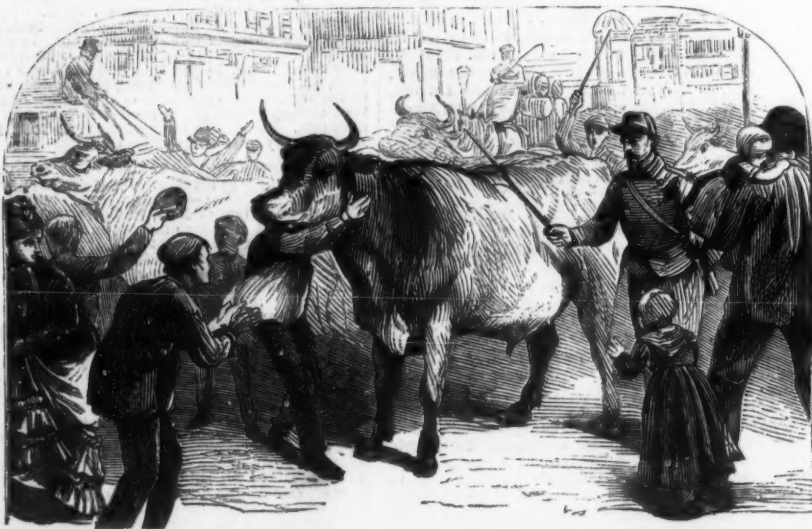
CAPITULATION OF PARIS.—SCENE ON THE BRIDGE OF NEUILLY.



PROVISIONING OF PARIS.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE MANSION HOUSE FUND—PROVISIONS AT BELLEVUE MARKET.



ENGLAND.—WHAT IS TO BE SEEN INSIDE THE STRUCTURE OF TEMPLE BAR, STRAND, LONDON—A COMMODIOUS ROOM AND IMPORTANT LIBRARY.



PROVISIONING OF PARIS.—RECEPTION OF THE FIRST OXEN DURING THE ARMISTICE.



PROVISIONING OF PARIS.—THE FISH-MARKET AT AMSTERDAM—LOADING VESSELS FOR PARIS.



GERMANY.—A DISTINGUISHED PRISONER—EXCITEMENT IN MUNICH OVER A CAPTURED GUN TAKEN FROM THE FRANCS-TIREURS.

GUN OF THE FRANCS-TIREURS, AT MUNICH.

DURING the engagement at Orléans, France, a party of Bavarian Landwehr captured a gun belonging to the Franks-Tireurs, and after the cessation of hostilities conveyed it to Munich, and placed it on exhibition in the square before the royal residence. The gun, from its primitive construction, no less than the feelings of dread toward that branch of the French army that had used it, became at once an object of intense curiosity. Veterans of many battles examined it thoroughly, and explained to their more pacific companions the operation of working the singular engine of destruction.

THE HURRICANE AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

THE eastern portion of St. Louis, Mo., was visited by a terrific hurricane during the afternoon of March 8th. The wind suddenly veered from the southeast to the southwest with a fury seldom seen in that latitude. The gale struck the large elevator on the bank of the river, carrying the top completely away, and then passing in a due northeast direction, it totally demolished the freight-depot of the St. Louis and Vandalia Railroad, eight hundred feet long

by one hundred feet high, the freight and passenger depot of the Northeastern Railroad two freight-depots, a portion of the passenger depot and ticket-office, and the large round-house of the Chicago and Alton Railroad; the car-house, scale-office, freight-office, and part of one of the freight-depots of the Ohio and Mississippi Road; the freight and passenger depot of the Toledo and Wabash Road, and a number of dwelling-houses in the vicinity. A portion of the roof of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis depot was blown off, and nearly all the derricks and other appliances used in the construction of the bridge were torn from their places and blown



HON. GEORGE G. WRIGHT, SENATOR FROM IOWA.

into the river. A train of cars, including a thirty-ton locomotive, was blown from the track, and hurled about forty feet into a slough. The steamboats lying in the river, and particularly the *Mollie Able*, were considerably damaged, having their lifeboats blown ashore.

HON. GEO. G. WRIGHT.

THE Hon. George G. Wright, the newly-installed Senator from Iowa, was born in Bloomington, Ind., in March, 1820. At an early age he entered the Indiana State University, and while pursuing his collegiate course, commenced a preparatory study of law with his brother,

the late Joseph A. Wright, who afterward became Governor of Indiana and United States Minister to Prussia. When twenty years of age he removed to Keosauqua, in Southeastern Iowa, and entered upon the practice of his profession. During the following fourteen years he participated actively in the movement resulting in the organization of the new State Government. Besides discharging official duties in educational, agricultural and other social institutions, he served as public prosecutor, State Senator, etc. He was President of the State Agricultural Society for five years.

In 1854 he was chosen by the Legislature as Chief-Justice of the State, and served in that capacity till 1859, when he declined a renomination. Judge Stockton dying early in 1860, Governor Kirkwood, unsolicited, tendered the vacant position to Judge Wright; and circumstances induced him again to accept a seat on the Supreme Bench. At the next election, the people chose him to complete the term of the deceased Judge—ending in 1865; when the people again elected him for a full term, which expired after his election to the National Senate.

While laboring in his judicial station, he also served earnestly in other fields. He aided in organizing the "Iowa Law School," in 1855-6, from which three classes graduated before that school was incorporated in the State University.



ST. LOUIS, MO.—EFFECTS OF THE TORNADO OF MARCH 8TH—CARS BLOWN OFF THE EMBANKMENT INTO THE CREEK, EAST ST. LOUIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. BENECKE.



ST. LOUIS, MO.—EFFECTS OF THE TORNADO OF MARCH 8TH—THE LIFEBOAT OF STEAMSHIP "MOLLIE ABLE" BLOWN ONE HUNDRED YARDS, AND REST AGAINST THE TREE WHICH STOPPED IT.

In 1867 he was tendered the Presidency of that University, but declined—though he accepted the laborious duties of the "Professorship of Constitutional, Criminal and Real-Property Law," and discharged them till almost the last day before his departure for Washington.

In 1870, when Governor Grimes was induced by ill-health to resign the United States Senatorship, Judge Wright was chosen as his successor, for the six-year term, commencing with the month of March, 1871—the intermediate unexpired term of Governor Grimes being filled by the election of the Hon. J. B. Howell, a well-known editor of Keokuk.

THE SUN-DIAL.

'Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain;
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,

Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb;

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak—a worn and shattered row:

I am a Shade: a Shadowe too arte thou:
I marle the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou see?

The tardy shade slid forward to the noon;
There came a dainty lady to the place,
Smelling a flower, humming a quiet tune,
Smoothing the willful waving of her lace.

She leaned upon the slab a little space,
Then drew a jeweled pencil from her zone,
Scribbled a something with a frolic face,
Folded, inscribed, and niched it in the stone.

The shade slipped on, no swifter than the snail;
There came a second lady to the place,
Dove-eyed, dove-robed, and something wan
and pale—
An inner beauty shining from her face,

All the mute loveliness of lonely love:
She, straying in the alleys with her book,
Herrick or Herbert, watched the circling dove,
And spied the tiny letter in the nook.

Then, like to one who confirmation finds
Of some dread secret half accounted true,
Who knows what hands and hearts the letter binds,
And argues loving commerce 'twixt the two,

She bent her fair young forehead on the stone:
The dark shade gloomed an instant on her head;
And 'twixt her taper fingers pearly and shone
The single tear that tear-worn eyes will shed.

Shade slipped onward to the falling gloom;
There came a soldier gallant in her stead,
Swinging a beaver with a swalling plume,
A ribboned love-lock rippling from his head;

Blue-eyed, frank-faced, with clear and open brow,
Scar-seamed a little, as the women love;
So kindly fronted that you marveled how
The frequent sword-hilt had so frayed his glove;

Who switched at Psyche plunging in the sun;
Uncrowned three lilies with a backward sweep;
And standing somewhat widely, like to one
More used to "Boot and Saddle" than to creep

As courtiers do, yet gentleman withal,
Took out the note, held it as one who feared
The fragile thing he held would slip and fall;
Read and reread, pulling his tawny beard;

Kissed it, I think, and hid it in his vest;
Laughed softly in a flattered, happy way,
Shifted the brodered baldric on his breast,
And sauntered past, singing a roundelay.

The shade crept forward through the dying glow;
There came no more nor dame nor cavalier;
But for a little time the brass will show
A small ray spot—the record of a tear.

UNDER THE CHANDELIERS AT WASHINGTON.

We receive from the National Capital some notes of social matters there which our readers, if they are acute enough, may assign to the very celebrated pen that has contributed them. The author's name is kindly suppressed by us because its owner is still a prominent ornament in the circles so happily described.

The President's State Dinner is thus discussed:

It is well understood that an invitation to a State Dinner at the Executive Mansion is a command, and to obey the behest every other engagement is to be broken. All loyal citizens are supposed to find the reward of this obedience, whatever it should be, and even the more modest student of character is glad to observe glory and power in its moments of relaxation, and to see upon what meats our Caesar feeds "that he is grown so great." The state dining-room at the White House is a large and lofty apartment, rather dreary in itself until brightened by the floods of daylight that pour over the brilliant table and its appointments.

It is usually decorated by some evergreens, a picture or two, and a banner surmounted by the American eagle in gilt, the morose bird looking as if he were about to drop his lightnings and clutch the vizards below. In this apartment the President is expected to wine and dine, during the course of the season, the whole body of Congress, the Judiciary, the Diplomacy, such of the army and navy officers as may be in his neighborhood, and a few chosen residents and eminent visitors; and among all the state dinners that he has given there, the last one, occurring on the night of the 2d of February, was not the least elegant, and was enjoyed by as distinguished a company as any.

The table, on that night, of a size to accommodate thirty-six people, was laid along the length of the room and covered with cloths of the finest damask. Down the centre for quite two-thirds of the extent lay a flat and narrow mirror that reflected the lights and colors in a sheet of splendor; from the edges of this rose airy gilt figures bearing armfuls of flowers, a slender vine festooning itself between them, and in the middle of it a superb silver epergne lifted a heap of gorgeous exotic blossoms into the light, while the air was heavy with the rich breath of heliotropes and roses, violets, azaleas, and jasmins, massed here and there, and with the bouquets that stood at every plate, where camellias, crape-myrtles, and vivid geraniums arrested the eye and made one half forget to notice the delicacy of the china, of the clustered wine-glasses and goblets as thin as any bubble, the white glitter of silver, and the gold spoons and knives and forks that gave a sumptuous richness to the effect of the *coup d'œil*. Such standard dishes as forms of boned turkey and similar meats were already upon the table, together with sweetmeats and confectioneries molded in inviting designs, and decanters of sherry, madeira and port seemed to catch and hold a crimson or a golden flame in their crystal depths to complete the picture. No other dishes were upon the board, but the colored servants constantly passed the salvers and changed the plates—not indeed with the precipitancy usual at the Russian Minister's magnificent banquets, where birds are served in their feathers, and soft music resounds in the distance, and where one is expected to travel through all the countless courses in one hour and twenty minutes—but still with quite sufficient dispatch.

The company assembled, on this night, after being divested of wraps and mufflers, in the Blue Room, where the President and Mrs. Grant made them welcome. To every gentleman had been handed, in the dressing-room, as is customary, an envelope containing a couple of cards, on one being written the name of the lady he was expected to take out; and on the other, by diagram and number, the place at table they were to occupy being indicated, and thus all confusion and embarrassment, or possible jealousy in regard to precedence, being done away with: for the gentleman, if unacquainted with the lady on these occasions, has opportunity to seek introduction and make acquaintance in the Blue Room; and, if already familiar, the two resign themselves to circumstances, and become as jolly as possible at their own end of the table, since the President does not interrupt the conversation eddying just about himself to single out any distant guest, and awe and confuse that person with remark, and reply to which etiquette would lend a listening silence from all the remaining number. At the appointed moment the steward signified that dinner waited, to Mrs. Grant, who, however, did not lead the way to the dining-room, but stepped aside for the President, as, after a fashion of her own, she always insists on doing, to conduct his partner, and followed herself, with her escort.

Mrs. Grant was handsomely dressed, as it became her position to be, but without any pretense or effort at display; but the attire and the diamonds of the lady opposite, on the President's right, were of the richest description. Mrs. Cramer, the President's sister, and wife of the newly-appointed Minister to Denmark, was among the guests, and was acknowledged to be one of the rare beauties of the season; while another family feature of the dinner was the presence of old Mr. Dent, with his silver locks flowing over his shoulders—a kind and happy old gentleman, to whom the whole Presidential household show the most tender respect. Among the dozen ladies present were Mrs. James Brooks, who, spending the early winter in New York, had just returned to take up her sceptre as one of the most popular of the Congressional ladies; Mrs. Senator Howe, always a regal-looking person in her black velvet and diamonds; and Mrs. Barnum, a stately and dignified woman, with exceedingly aristocratic and gentle manners. To the gay toilets of most of the ladies, the gentlemen afforded sufficient shadow, and among these, the gray heads of such as Senators Ramsey and Howe were well relieved by the bright faces of the younger Senators, fairly reprinted by such handsome ones as Osborn, Sprague, and Spencer. The party, which was made up of individuals of widely varying shades of politics, rose from table at about nine o'clock, and after lingering in the East Room for a half-hour, separated with cordial expressions of goodwill.

The President's levee attracts a large throng. A presidential reception is an occasion in Washington where for once the masses of the people, or such representatives of the masses as choose, may meet on equal terms with the jeweled gentility—an occasion consequently never neglected. For the noblesse put on all their best regalia, and crowd the Blue Room, quite prepared for the general stare, taking a condescending turn, late in the evening, through the East Room and the halls; and the mob defile by them and circle around them and rub against them, and surrender not one jot of their privilege of staring.

It is well understood that the Presidential

hours are early, and therefore not a moment of the time is to be lost, and the crowd is ready even before the White House blazes out in one illumination from top to bottom, like a beautiful relief, in its white surfaces and lofty portico and pillars, against the night. The clockstrikes eight at last. The great gates are open, the chandeliers are lit, the scarlet-coated Marine Band crashes into music; coaches, ranged in a row, seem to have sprung out of the ground; others are dashing up beneath the porch, policemen are calling, servants are directing, drivers are swearing, horses are prancing, the President is waiting in the Blue Room with the mistress of the house and the ladies whom she has selected to assist her in receiving, the throng begins to come all in a rush—some along the sidewalks in a steady stream, others in the whirl and flash of splendid equipage. By whichever way you come, as you enter, ushers wait upon you to the great dressing-room, with its mirrors, and its walls lined with boxes behind a barricade, where maids are stationed to give you checks for your wraps—checks which bear, however, no relation to the wraps at all, as you afterward find when desiring to obtain them—the maids unable to make them out, though there lies one before their eyes; and there walks off another on the shoulders of a third party, who abandons it without a murmur, on your representation—having been placidly content to take anything; while in the meantime a frantic little man—standing with his feet wide apart on opposite chairs—refuses to allow you to enter the sacred space and snatch the remainder for yourself. But that belongs to the future and to another person, a tired and dazzled person—not the fresh and gay and eager for the fray of the present moment. Now, divested of your outer gear, your laces flung out, your ribbons straightened, your jewels set in order, you proceed to a door, whither every one else seems to be proceeding, and are instantly caught in a whirlpool of women, whose eddy presently draws you into a jam where puffs and ruffles and flounces are reduced to indiscriminate ruin; where crimps straighten with the heat, chignons are knocked awry, and out of which your escort vainly endeavors to wrest you; for it is not till you reach the official stationed for that purpose, and give him your escort's name to bawl at the top of his lungs down the great vestibule, and to bawl wrong if he can possibly get it wrong, that the cordon of policemen, stationed opposite, four abreast, and with joined hands, to keep back the crowd of gentlemen, as if they were the wild beasts of a menagerie, opens its ranks just wide enough for the owner of that one name to get through; he gives you his arm, and all in a moment you breathe; another doorway, somebody faints, there is a rush, and, lifted off your feet, you land at last, if not in smooth water, at least in free and open space within the Red Room, and sight-seeing straightway puts on its spectacles and begins its work.

This is a handsome square room in which you find yourself, so lofty that its spaciousness is quite inapparent, upholstered in deep rich crimson tints; a table, cut, pedestal and slab, from a single piece of white marble, stands in the centre of the floor, great mirrors hang on two of the walls, and the remaining one, formerly bare, is now covered by a painting of the present President and his family, enjoying themselves *à fresco*. Standing beside the crowded and struggling doorway, with a companion, and under shelter of a stout policeman's baton, the first person that you observe is a dark-haired and rather peculiar and interesting-looking little lady, the tip of her fan lying pensively across her lips; it is the "Olivia" of the Philadelphia Press, taking her stand here for better inspection of the guests, and having a sort of silent reception all to herself, in advance of the President's. You pass through the doorway, and your initiation is over, and you are a part of the splendid scene.

The room blazes with clear light reflected from the blue and gilt and white panels of the walls, and from the enormous mirrors which here, as everywhere throughout the Government buildings, are used in lavish decoration. A soft carpet, in which sky-blue is the prevailing tone of color, is underfoot; a blue circular divan, in the centre of the room, is crowned with a great bunch of calla-lilies, roses and camellias in a tall gilt stem; similar ornaments surmounted with flowers stand at each side of the mirrored mantel; the windows, which in the daytime frame pictures of one of the loveliest scenes that the whole surrounding landscape has to offer, are hung with lace and blue satin under gilded cornices, to correspond with the sofas and slender chairs.

But none of this detail do you pause to examine or note, for your name has been announced, and a gentleman has touched your hand with a murmur and a smile—a small gentleman, a very happy expression on his face, with which no picture represents him, wearing full evening dress, with the irreproachable white tie and white gloves, arrayed evidently to honor his guests as they honor him, and bearing, as befits the occasion, not a vestige of the soldier about him; so that it is difficult to imagine this happy, quiet and well-pleased person to be the man who marched through the stormy Wilderness, with his men falling in winnows before him. But while this hurried view of the nation's chief photographs itself almost instantaneously on your perceptions, General Michler has, in his turn, given you another presentation; an apparition of crimson velvet passes before your eyes, an awful row of magnificently invested ladies meets your gaze. You see, perhaps, only a shimmer of gray satin and white lace, and coronets of pearls, of emerald velvet and diamonds, and pink moire and all inconceivable finery; and, glad to have run that rather appalling gauntlet, you pass into the Green Room, so named, as the others have been, from the prevailing tint within, pause a moment to examine the por-

trait of the dark-eyed and melancholy face of Rawlins there, and then hasten toward the East Room, where the real business of the occasion goes on.

The illumination of three immense chandeliers, hung with innumerable cut-glass pendants, each pendant sparkling with countless flames of its own, makes the place as bright as midday, and almost as hot as summer midday is; life-size portraits of the past Presidents alternate upon the walls, with mirrors again; crimson hangings and gilt ornaments make the scene brighter yet; and on a carpet, for which the loom was especially set up, and which is said to be unique among carpets—since European throngs walk upon Inlaid and tessellated floors—a crowd circles and hums and pushes, and stands still and struggles—a crowd which is one of the most singular conglomerates to be found outside of the harbor of Trieste. Here, a reigning beauty passes with her cavalier; here, as if to show the beauty what she must become, an aged woman, toothless and hairless, but dressed starchy in her old-time best, totters by, determined to see the great world before she goes out of it; here, a dwarf is met, half-buried in the sweeping draperies of her more fortunate sisters; here are plebeians, bonneted and cloaked; here are eyes black with antimony, and skins roseate with enamel; here are rags, and here is rouge; here, an actual bride is to be seen, with her veil and orange-blossoms, as if she had just turned from the altar; here, some great admiral shoulders his way along, and dignity after dignity goes the round, thrust in the back, poked in the side and trodden under foot, but giving no sign either of greatness or discomfort; the band plays, the crowd laughs and complains, and is warm and weary, and still goes round and round, till you imagine that the driver mistook the direction, and, instead of drawing up at the White House, has plunged you into Pandemonium.

Many of the distinguished people went to be seen here in past winters are not now to be found in their old places; some have withdrawn from public life, some are traveling, some are dead; many officers are absent at their distant posts. Chief of all those ladies whom we miss from the Blue Room is the beautiful Mrs. Dixon, with her always elegant toilet, her dark curls and her jewel-like eyes—the woman who sat by Mr. Lincoln's dying pillow, and performed the offices of affection there, as she and her lovely young daughters had done before, during all the long years of the war, for many a common soldier who sank in the footpaths of the great battle, at whose close the leader fell snatching victory. The face of the superb Mrs. Sandford, wife of our late Minister to Belgium, which has so often looked at you from the pages of the Book of Beauty, is also lost from the scene. Nor is Mrs. Sprague's sweet and delicate charm of person and manner a feature of society this winter. And one misses, moreover, a ringing laugh that once heralded its owner from room to room, and falls to find Mrs. Gaines, of history more romantic than any romance, and of appearance resplendent with lace flounces, and shawls, and marabout feathers and diamonds in her bonnet, which last she always wore, looking thirty, though more than sixty, gesturing freely with her fan, and always using her musical voice with utter regardlessness of listeners to her sharp criticisms and daring stories. "Talk of Seward," Mrs. Gaines might have been heard saying to the handsome Senator Saulsbury, at one of these occasions; "he's a man that does what he means to do. When he was a boy, at home on a vacation, he was standing by the roadside once with a companion, and a team dashed past them and covered them with dust—the splendid team of a Southern planter visiting the neighboring watering-place, silver harness, slaves before and behind. 'By Heaven!' said Seward to his friend, brushing off the dust, 'if I live, those men shan't always ride!' Forty years afterward that old schoolmate called upon Mr. Seward, and, among other things, reminded him of what he said when brushing off that dust. 'Well,' answered Mr. Seward, 'I have lived—and do they ride?'"

But if some familiar faces are missed from the spectacle, there are others, new and old, enough to give it brilliancy and beauty. Here Senator Conkling passes, tall and shapely, his golden hair, his white brow, his piercing blue eye, all rendering him the image of what some stately young Greek in the days of Socrates may have been. There goes his complete physical contrast in General Logan, with his fiery eyes and raven black mustache, a man who must have been a slight worth seeing in war, one of the ideals of battle; he has his pretty wife now upon his arm, as accomplished a woman of affairs, they say, as ever has lived in Washington. Now a cluster of diplomats deign to look upon us a moment, among them Madame Catacazy of the wonderful yellow hair that people think it worth while to rave about in these days of hair, and Madame Garcia, the shrugs of whose bare shoulders are said to have played a conspicuous part in our Paraguayan diplomacy—a niece of the Dictator Rosas not being very apt to sympathize too warmly with struggling liberty. Perhaps yonder is the handsome southern face of Count Turenne, and yonder the northern one of a German baron; if you look for them, you will find exiled robes and ribboned aids hovering about, and the scarlet fez of Baltazzi Effendi, the attaché of the Turkish Legation, is to be noted moving restlessly through the throngs from one spot to another, as its wearer inspects American manners and draws Levantine conclusions.

The band, that has been silent for a little, suddenly begins to blow out its noisy music anew; the throngs resolve into a procession, circling endlessly around other throngs that gather and remain stationary in the centre of the place, and one has a fine chance to see the young faces that keep the season fresh, and bright as their owners come floating up the

room with the heroes of the war. Here is a pretty Miss Williams, scarlet-clad like a little flame herself, and blazing in myriad little flames from the facets of her diamonds; here is the graceful daughter of Professor Henry, just home from her European tour; here is Miss Nelly Grant in all the glory of young ladydom, with puffs and rolls and paniers; here the lovely Mrs. Corliss, of Providence, whose face presents one of the rare and perfect orders of the brunette, with her tall and stately husband, inventor of the famous steam-engine bearing his name. As these pass by, we find that it would be a great mistake to follow, for, if we only maintain our place, all the celebrities of whom our rural ears have heard will enter the review before us, much as though they marched by the steps of the throne. Here comes the Secretary of the Treasury, that quiet dignity never deserting him, and his spirited face lighted with pleasure, perhaps, that his administration of a people's resources, together with a people's absolute belief in his integrity, has paralyzed at length the hands of the gold gamblers who made the National credit their toy; with Mr. Boutwell is his daughter, her great eyes beaming with intelligence and gentleness. Here, in white silk and blush-roses, goes Mary Clemmer Ames, of the Brooklyn Union, met by every one with cordial greeting. Here, last winter, but now absent on her lecturing tour, we saw another correspondent, Grace Greenwood, of the *Tribune*, her sweet face illuminated by the fire her large eyes cast out from among their shadows. Possibly it is Austine Sned, of the *World*, whom we now encounter, pale, handsome, bright-eyed, in a white gauzy dress over gold-colored silk, and with red roses in her hair and on her waist, looking far too young and fashionable to be the successful reporter in hard newspaper life which she has made herself. Here the glance lingers on Secretary Delano's head, massive as an antique. Here the tall form of General Kinsman is seen—the man who, collecting at Fortress Monroe the freedmen thrown upon the Government in a squalid, starving horde, organized them with a rare executive ability, and was the first to give the actual lie to the Southern statement that the negro would not work in freedom, and to demonstrate that the contraband could be made self-supporting.

Now a fresh parcel of illustrious personages from the Blue Room, tired of its stiff honors, swells the mass before us, commonplace, very likely, if no more; as we cannot praise them, let us say nothing about them; even splendor does not redeem them, it may be, though they make a very Milky Way, as they walk, with diamonds and point-lace. Presently their place is taken by others more inviting; the eye rests on a charming group of a blooming Baltimorean, a sparkling Boston girl, and a large, fair Philadelphia, whose manners the Quaker atmosphere has calmed into a complete repose. Now a head, where the black is just giving way to gray, overtops the rabble, and the most picturesque of the Senators, with his fair daughter, Miss Fenton, comes in sight. Moving slowly up the room, perhaps, comes Mrs. Butler—plainly a woman who could sit, as she did once, and hem pennants with sufficient self-control to soothe a thousand men, while the great war-ship that held her and her fortunes was on the point of foundering—here her commanding presence, noble carriage, and utterly perfect taste and manners, well befitting the splendid halls through which she walks. With her is her niece, Miss Florence Hildreth—you saw her the other night at a concert, in her opera-cloak and her little white gipsy-hat, from which fell a broken wreath of apple-blossoms, an exquisite picture of spring-time; to-night, clad in white silk, the haughty, high-bred features, the "head sunning over with curls," make her seem Tennyson's Maud to the life. Here come some foreign sailors—a year ago, in their stead, it was Captain Commerell, of the *Monarch*, and his officers—he a resolute-looking little man, his breast fairly covered, from shoulder to shoulder, with the jeweled and enameled orders won by gallant action; the crowd opened for him and surveyed him good-naturedly then, remembering that Farragut had said the *Monitor* could whip the *Monarch* any day she was put alongside of her; but these are less distinguished mariners than those of last year, and we turn to comfort ourselves with the sight of Morris, who commanded the *Cumberland* when she went down in action, and of Cushing, who, single-handed as one might say, captured the rebel ship, and, longing for new fields to conquer when the war was over, sought leave to go and fight the "heathen Chinese." Yonder General Sherman appears, with his sharp keen face and eager air, as he parts the groups; and there is Major Ben Perley Poore, with an epigram for everybody; now the crowd swings all one way, and everybody around you is on tiptoe to catch sight of the head of General Butler, like that of one of Plutarch's heroes; beside him now is his daughter, Mrs. Ames, of whose appearance we have heard so much, though never in any set description, that we linger to satisfy ourselves with gazing at the rich and ever-varying beauty—that superb garniture of hair, the very red gold that Browning always sings about, falling in a splendid fleece of ringlets on the shoulders and half veiling with its mist the cherubic contour of that white forehead which the madonnas of the painters wear, the black lashes and black brows above the violet eyes to which they lend a lustre and depth of darkness, the delicate features, the deepening dimples, and the color perpetually shifting all its damask roses on the ivory oval of the cheek, the tall slight figure, the arm just rounded, the throat like a swan's—it is a beauty that will only fall with life, for when all else fades the sweetness round the mouth and the dazzling sunshine of the smile must still remain; and though we read of such beauty in history or in romance, so rarely is it to be met with in actual life, that we believe in its positive existence only in some such vague way as we believe in Helen or in Una or in

Dante's Beatrice. The vision passes, however, the countenance of some smooth smug Congressman taking its place like a piece of smoked glass, presently to be eclipsed in its turn by the flashing eyes of a West Indian lady using all her powers of enchantment in behalf of the Queen of the Antilles, and escorted by Mr. Ruiz, the Cuban agent at the Capital. Here, perhaps, Gail Hamilton slips through the crowd, with her fresh face and its heart-warm smile; with her comes the witty and pretty wife of the Speaker of the House, wearing white silk with an overdress of blue beneath rich Valenciennes lace, and a necklace of carved coral. Here stalks along, the tall and martial form of General Henningsen, whose face always reminds you of Colonel Newcome's, with its strange compound of simplicity and valor; one would hardly dream of the man's career, in looking at him—born of a line springing from the old race of vikings, bred in storm and battle; hunted with bloodhounds in the mountains of Spain during the terrible Don Carlos wars, when the black flag was unfurled, and when women are said to have been torn from their palaces and hung on the nearest post; afterward the civil and military commissary of Kossuth in a campaign where once, in order to carry intelligence through the enemy's lines, he floated down the Danube on bladders. Here, too, may be seen another historic character, a man whose blue eyes shine strangely under their immense white eyebrows, and whose mouth is hidden behind a correspondingly snowy mustache—this is Captain Suter, once the owner of a wilderness of gold-mines, and rendered destitute by their discovery, his secret being in the hands of a thirsty workman, who, having no money, displayed those first nuggets in a barroom; seeing him reminds you that his State has indeed, among her other immensities, a gigantic and reckless humor of her own, as her literature in Mark Twain's and Bret Harte's productions shows; but the greatest jest of the number, if indeed it is not rather a grim tragedy, is contained in the fact that all the gold of California was once sold for a single drink.

As these worthies go by, your eye is caught by another remarkable person, one of majestic figure and swarthy face—it is Colonel Eli Parker, the Indian chief, and West Point graduate, on General Grant's staff. In singular contrast to the dark power of that face, with the piercing glance of its eyes, is the face of Senator Wilson, coming next within your range, and overflowing with benevolence and goodwill to all men, and with satisfaction, too, very possibly, at his State's recent endorsement of his course.

Two hours have more than passed since the great wheel began to turn before you. It is on the stroke of eleven, when the etiquette of the occasion requires departure, the rooms begin to thin, a cool breeze is blowing in at the window, which no one noticed when the thousand gas-jets shed their heat upon a thousand pushing persons; the vast East Room is nearly deserted; the glories of the Blue Room, too, are paling, the flowers are fading, the tired receivers are resting in arm-chairs or on the divans, refreshing themselves with stinging criticism, or otherwise, as it may be. You hurry out, and struggle for your wrappings in the cloak-room, which everybody seems to have reached at once; your coach is called, and you are off. And having given the point-lace handkerchief, which you snatched from ruin under the grinding heels of the crowd, to the crazy little Colossus of the two chairs, you are uncomfortably astounded by the appearance in the next Sunday's paper of the advertisement: "Bring back that point-lace handkerchief which you took from the Executive Mansion on the night of the Levee, or be exposed!"

THE REMOVAL OF SUMNER.

THE third session of the Forty-first Congress was characterized by an event that excited very general comment in the press, and the political and social circles of the country—the resolution empowering the President to send a Commission to examine into the feasibility of annexing Santo Domingo to the United States. The opening of the Forty-second Congress was marked by a storm that ran along the telegraph wires, to the remotest capital, and culminated in the removal of the Hon. Charles Sumner from the position he had long held as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The caucus of the Republican members of the United States Senate, for arranging the Standing Committees, was held March 9th, in the Ladies' Reception Room, in the rear of the Senate Chamber. The debate assumed a strictly personal character, and it was evident that a determined effort was about being made against the retention of Mr. Sumner in his former position. Senators Wilson, Schurz, Sherman, and Morrill of Vermont, defended Mr. Sumner's course in the ablest manner, while Senators Howe, Nye, Carpenter and Edmunds sustained the action of the special committee making the change. Senator Tipton boldly expressed his refusal to be bound by the act of the caucus, and Senator Wilson made another and equally unsuccessful effort at the eleventh hour to have Mr. Sumner restored.

The caucus finally accepted the list drawn up by the committee, by a vote of 26 to 21.

On the following day, the members of the Senate indulged in a discussion six hours in length, on postponing the appointment of the Standing Committees.

Having failed in their attempts to delay action on the report of the Caucus Committee, Messrs. Wilson and Schurz opened the discussion as the champions of Mr. Sumner. Both spoke with great feeling, and insisted that the proposed action was a surrender on the part of the Senate of its independence, in changing the composition of its Committees at the demand of the President or of his Cabinet. Mr. Wilson, especially, showed great emotion, and begged

and implored his political friends not to consummate the action which he asserted to be adverse to nineteenth-twentieths of the Republicans of the country.

Messrs. Howe, Nye, Edmunds and Morton positively denied that the President had made any request to have Mr. Sumner removed from the committee, and repeatedly asserted that it had been done by the majority of the Republican Senators, solely because they believed that the true interests of the country, and of the party, could best be served by such action. They also called Senators to account, who, having taken part in the Republican caucus, refused to abide by its decisions.

Mr. Tipton asserted that, deny it who would, the reason given in the caucus for the removal of Mr. Sumner was the opposition of that Senator to Santo Domingo annexation. This was denied, however, and Mr. Tipton was charged with revealing private conferences, and the proceedings of the Senate in Executive Session, when he retorted that the proceedings of the caucus were all published in the daily papers, and the fact that the vote on the Santo Domingo treaty stood 28 to 28 was printed all over the country, that the report had never been denied, and that he (Tipton) knew it to be true. When again called to order, Mr. Tipton said that he would not deny it. The galleries applauded, and the presiding officer threatened to have them cleared.

Mr. Sumner took no part in debate, except merely to put in a denial of the oft-repeated assertion that he had refused to hold intercourse with the President and the Secretary of State. He, however, insisted that his name should be omitted in the new Committee on Privileges and Elections, to which he had been assigned as Chairman. All motions to postpone were voted down by small majorities, the Democrats voting with the Republicans who sustained Mr. Sumner. The evident determination of the majority of the Senate was not to adjourn until the question was settled; and finally at six o'clock a vote was reached, when the order was adopted by a vote of 33 to 9, those in the negative being Democrats.

Our illustration represents the scene in the Reception Room, immediately after the announcement of Mr. Sumner's removal, in the caucus, on the 9th. Mr. Sumner stood well in the foreground, at times pulling his hair over his forehead, then plunging both hands in his pockets, again giving his hair another pull, and anon throwing the lapels of his coat wide open, exposing a light-gray speckled vest. His lips were firmly compressed, and he seemed to feel deeply injured by the action of the caucus. Senator Sprague seized his arm, and whispered words of confidence. The other Senators continued their arguments *pro* and *con*, while the man who, for the last twenty years, had been most faithful to the Republican party, seeking, with his rare experience, its highest good, passed through the throng, conscious of having honestly discharged his responsible duties, and conscious also of being the victim of political jealousy.

NOTES ON THE WEATHER.

WHEN Father Time ushered in the year 1871, "the oldest inhabitant" remarked that the remaining months of winter would not be very severe, for December had passed without much cold weather, and the indications were of a mild winter. For a few days the prospect corresponded to the remark. The 1st was a fine day—the streets were filled with gentlemen calling on their female friends; and the 2d gave the ladies the opportunity to return the calls. The temperature on the evening of the 9th was sinking, but not rapidly; but on the morning of the 10th it had fallen to 6° above zero, and furs and mittens were in demand. It, however, rose rapidly afterward, and at 2 p. m. of the 12th it had reached 59°, a range of 53° in 52 hours.

It kept above 20° till the 23d, when it fell to 7°, and on the 26th to 4°, which was the lowest of the month, giving a range for the month of 55°. The mean for the month was 29.75°, which is 8.12° colder than January, 1870.

The barometer was higher than in January, 1870, ranging from 29.561 inches on the 21st, to 30.625 inches on the 26th, which was the day before the severe snow-storm, during which the barometer fell more than half an inch in 24 hours. The range for the month was 1.062 inches; the mean for the month being 30.098 inches.

Halos around the sun and moon occurred twice to each, and snow, in a large or small quantity, on 8 days. The quantity of water from melted snow and rain was 4.37 inches, one inch and a third less than in January, 1870.

At length January gave place to February, and he, after surveying the field for three or four days with a smiling countenance, concluded that he would exert a little of his wonted energy, and on the morning of the 5th manifested his connection with old Boreas by depressing the mercury from 35° on the morning of the 4th to 2° on the morning of the 5th, a fall of 33° in 24 hours. The morning of the 6th indicated the same temperature; but it rose gradually above 20° till the 22d, when it fell to 12.5°; then it rose rapidly, and at 2 p. m. of the 25th it attained the maximum for the month, 56°, and did not fall below 29° to the end of the month. The changes that occurred were sudden and trying to health; the coldest daily mean temperature was 8°, on the 5th, and the warmest 52°, on the 25th. The range for the month was 54°, and the mean 31.81°, which was 1.02° warmer than February, 1870. The coldest weather for the winter has been in this month, and 9° colder than in the same month last year. Still, it has been colder weather at the South, even at New Orleans and Pensacola.

The storm of the 14th was very severe, high winds prevailing with the snow, which impeded the cars on the railroads very exten-

sively. Snow fell deeper this month than usual, and the jingling of sleigh-bells saluted our ears longer than for some winters past, but the copious rain on the 26th and 27th carried most of it away, and caused some damage in the lower portions of the city.

The barometer ranged from 30.519 inches down to 29.185 inches—a range of more than an inch. It was highest on the 22d, the day that the thermometer was at 12.5°; the wind was gentle, and from the northeast. The mean pressure for the month, was 29.948 inches—a little higher than in February, 1870.

The occasional phenomena were very few; only one corona around the moon, but that one was beautiful. The mean temperature for the three winter months was 34.47°, which is 0.37° colder than the winter of 1870.

As a matter of curiosity, and to show how our recollections give us the slip, it is well to look at the records of the weather for a few years back. The mean temperature of the winter months for the last ten years, was 22.89°. The past winter, then, was 1.58° warmer than the average, and 8.83° warmer than 1867-8.

NEWS BREVITIES.

COKE is now selling for \$6 a ton in this city.

THUNDER BAY has discovered a rich silver mine.

The rate of State taxation in Florida this year is \$1.37 on \$100.

The number of savings' banks in California has rapidly increased.

The Mobile police have a new uniform—gray, with gilt buttons.

The Consumptives' Home, in Boston, gains \$20,000 by a recent fair in that city.

FIR, spruce and other trees have been planted out in all the smaller New York parks.

The Richmond Courts admitted their first colored lawyer to practice week before last.

The Princess Metternich has offered to Louis Napoleon the use of her palace at Vienna.

MR. STEPHEN SALISBURY, of Worcester, Mass., has given \$5,000 to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The Catholics of Massachusetts are to hold a State Temperance Convention in Boston on the 30th of May.

BALTIMORE has resumed work on its new City Hall, and expects to get it roofed over before the winter comes.

BASEL, the wealthiest town of Switzerland, is reported to have fifty citizens who possess fortunes estimated to be over \$10,000,000 each.

The occupants of the shanties on the rocks in the vicinity of Central Park, N. Y., are not squatters, as generally supposed. They pay rent.

The Parisians were much displeased with that part of President Grant's message in which it is said that Germany resembled the United States.

The Boston Custom House on March 13th received \$80,590.39 in gold as duty on 705,582 pounds of wool, the largest single entry ever made there.

The undertakers' bill for taking charge of seventeen of the bodies of the victims of the New Hamburg Railroad accident amounts to nearly \$3,000!

THERE lately passed through Nancy nine Japanese officers of high rank, homeward bound, after witnessing the investment and capitulation of Paris.

MR. CHARLES F. DUNBAR, late of the Boston *Advertiser*, has been appointed to the Professorship of Political Economy, recently established at Harvard College.

THERE is great excitement in the Mexican district of Tehuantepec, in consequence of the conspiracies against the lives and property of foreigners.

MRS. CURTIN, wife, and Miss Curtin, daughter of the American Minister to St. Petersburg, were presented on February 1st, to the Grand Duchess Alexandra Petrovna.

AN eagle was recently shot near Belford, having around its neck a steel collar, on which was graven the date 1646, and a half-faced armorial bearing. It is to be presented to the Museum at Agram.

MILLE HENRIETTE D'ANGEVILLE, well-known as a tourist, died recently at Lausanne, Switzerland, at the age of seventy-seven. She had the reputation of being the first lady who ever made the ascent of Mont Blanc.

THE Prefect of Aisne, who was charged with complicity in blowing up the fortress of Labn, has been liberated, by order of Emperor William, from the citadel of Ehrenbreitstein, where he was detained.

THE revolver which was fired at Señor Luis Zorilla, the Spanish Minister of Agriculture, contained fourteen balls. He was wounded in the right-hand side, while his friend, Señor Hernandez, had his overcoat riddled by several shots.

IN the Congressional Library at Washington are 197,688 volumes, 12,461 of which were added during the past year. The trustees of the Astor Library in this city report 140,556 volumes, 1,453 of which were added to the collection in 1870.

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* says that the influence exerted in New York by a few wealthy men, large bondholders, in the Democratic organization, has been most disastrous in the Western States, and has cost the party thousands of votes.

DELEGATE McCORMICK, of Arizona, introduced a bill into the House yesterday to prevent the unnecessary killing of buffaloes on the public lands. Hunters have been in the habit of killing from five to fifty of the creatures in a day, for sport.

MR. GEORGE W. MCCOLLOM, of this city, who offered to endow liberally the New Hampshire Normal School, if it were located in Mount Vernon, his native town, has offered \$20,000 to the Academy at that place, on easy conditions for the town to comply with.

COMMISSIONER PLEASANTON wants Congress to pass a bill giving him power to organize a civil police, for the collection of revenue, particularly at the South. He believes that the presence of such a police force would do much toward restoring order in the South.

THE procession in New York on St. Patrick's Day contained five men of six feet four inches and over respectively. Seventeen "gallowglases" were represented, all considerably over two yards in height—among them J. J. Curtin, a laborer, who stands 5'2 1/2 feet seven inches.



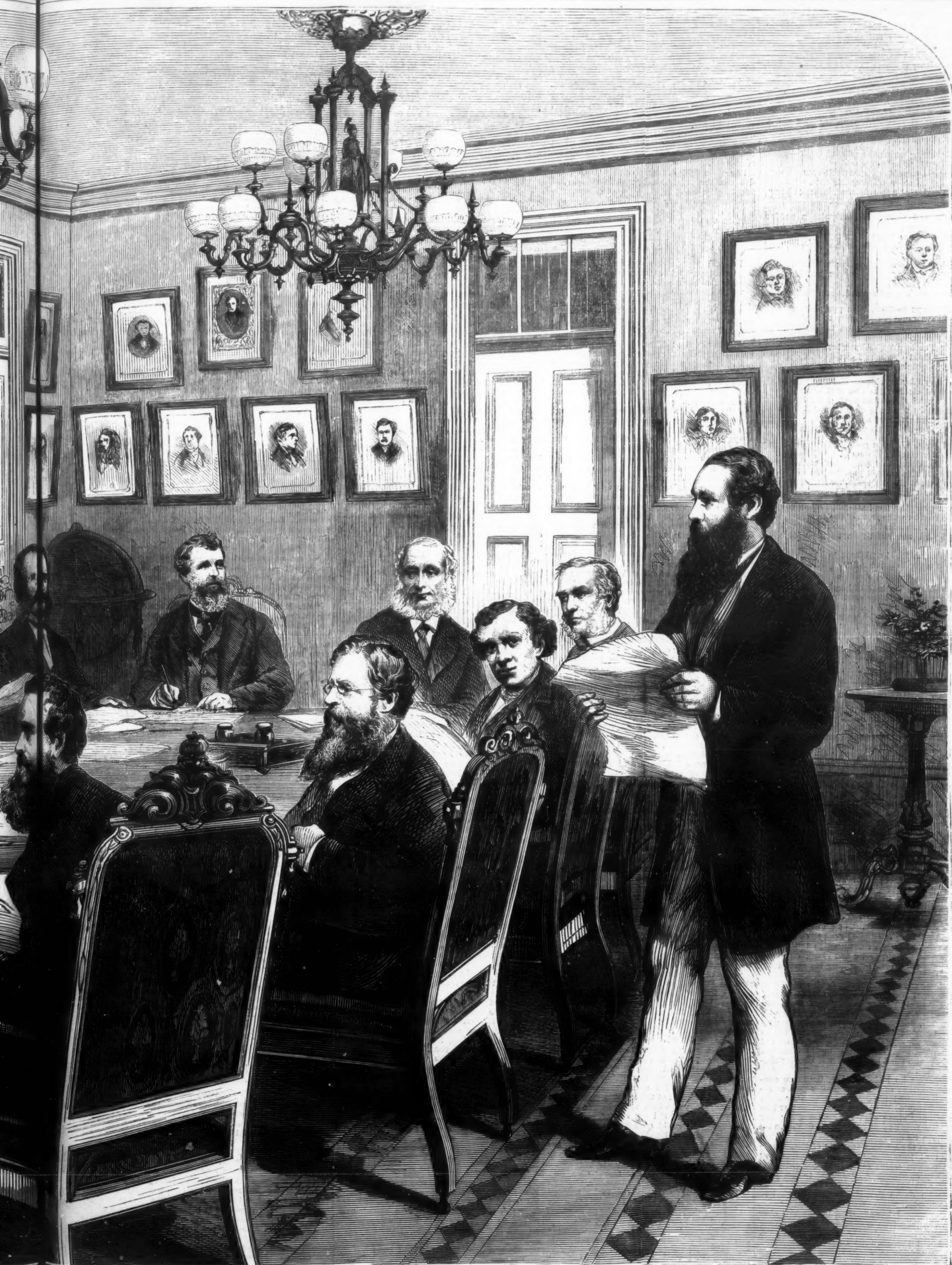
Hon. Hamilton Fish.

Hon. Robert C. Schenck.

Hon. E. R. Hoar.

Justice Samuel Nelson.

Hon. George S. Messersmith.



Hon. Geo. Williams, Hon. Geo. F. R. R. and Ripon. J. Bancroft Davis. Professor Montague Bernard. Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir Edward Thornton. Lord Tenterden.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"We were driving along," said the engineer, "At some forty miles an hour;
Train behind time, but a full head of steam,
And worked to our highest power.
I was trying my best to make up for the loss,
And the sparks flew back in a shower."

"Now I make it a point to run on time,
And of course I was getting riled;
So I speaks pretty sharp to my fireman, Tom,
And my words, p'raps, weren't very mild,
When there, at that minute, I saw, right ahead,
Just the tiniest mite of a child."

"Clambering up to the railroad track—
A mischievous little tot—
Running away from its mother's care
To its death at this horrible spot.
And, Lord, sir! I thought of my babes at home,
And turned all cold and hot."

"I whistled 'Down brakes!' with a sudden
screech;
I shouted, to scare her away;
But right toward the engine she ran, and
laughed,
In her innocent baby play;
And I think that my hair was just bleached
with fright,
And each second seemed more than a day."

"And I says to Tom, 'Can you pick her up?'
But says he, 'It's too risky to try.'
'Then, here, bear down on the throttle!' I
yelled,
'For I'm burnt if I'll see her die!'
When, 'Hold on, Joe; I can do it, I guess,'
Said a quick, brave voice near by."

"And down by my side the Conductor dropped,
He had cleared the coal at a bound,
And stepped far out on the narrow ledge
Where we send the older around—
A fine young fellow, all full of life,
With the best little wife to be found."

"So I says, 'Let me go—I'm the older man;
You are risking too much, you know.'
But, 'I'm doing this thing, I believe,' he says;
'It's all right, don't you fret yourself, Joe;
Only down with your brake, for Heaven's sake,
Or over that child you go.'

"Then grasping the hand-rail, he ran along
Clean out to the front of the train,
And, less than a foot from those terrible wheels,
Snatched the child from the death-blow of
pain.
Less than a foot! as I hope to have
Such a close shave never again."

Who talks of the lack of heroic deeds?
Who prates of more glorious days,
Or mourns that the old chivalric fire
Lies dead 'neath the world's cold ways?
Such a hero as this, unknown, unsung,
Merits greater than knightly praise."

FAITHFUL AND FIRM.

CHAPTER V.

THERE was quite a large party in the drawing-room when Reginald Edwards entered it; but as they were most of them strangers to him, Mrs. Romaine came forward to introduce him. After having been presented to a number, he suddenly caught sight of a young girl, who, until now, had been concealed from view by the heavy curtains, for she was sitting in the recess of a window. She was certainly a lovely picture, with rich golden hair and soft blue eyes; but no sooner did Reginald's eyes rest upon her than he started back in horror and consternation, at the same time turning deadly pale, as though he had seen a ghost. For a moment he stood as though rooted to the spot; but Mrs. Romaine's voice aroused him, and he again went through the form of being introduced to others who were anxious to know the handsome colonel; but he was indifferent to all—his thoughts were wandering; he could not understand it. Was he really awake, or was it only a dream?

Had eighteen years gone by, passed away, and did he now behold the form of one whom he had so long considered dead? One whose corpse he had seen committed to the tomb; and by whose grave he had stood, on more occasions than one, supporting his sorrowing friend!

Had the grave given up its dead, and did he now behold his friend's wife—restored to life, young and lovely as ever? And then, the song, those words, which had been written by his friend, and, as he thought, known only by three persons in this world. It was all so strange and mysterious, that, although he did not believe in apparitions, he was half inclined to think she must be the ghost of Charles Melville's wife.

The more he looked at her, the more convinced he was of the strange, but perfect resemblance, and he determined to hear from her own lips who she was. Soon afterward he was by her side; and, skillfully leading her from one topic to another, he obtained the information he desired.

She was the adopted daughter of Miss Steadman, and the song they had found among some papers which came from the old hall; and they supposed had belonged to the poor Miss Agnes Steadman, who was drowned—and by whose death Miss Steadman succeeded to the property.

"The song I have not heard for years; they were composed by a dear friend of mine for the unfortunate Agnes," replied Reginald. "You will therefore excuse my questions."

Mary Steadman assured him all excuses were unnecessary; and as she was again called upon to sing, Reginald was left for a time to his own thoughts.

When he retired for the night, he sat for a long time thinking over the strange likeness of

Mary Steadman to the ill-fated Agnes, and he made up his mind not to rest until he had unraveled the mystery.

The next day he called upon Miss Steadman, and telling her of the extraordinary likeness between poor young Agnes Steadman and her niece, he asked a few questions concerning her.

Miss Steadman's astonishment at this announcement was very great—she had never seen her relative Agnes; but, as she remarked, the birth and parentage of her ward were involved in such complete mystery that it was quite impossible in any way to trace out any circumstance in her family's history which could give rise to such an extraordinary resemblance.

She then told of the fearful accident, the death of the young mother, and that she had adopted the child, but had been unable to discover any clue to her birth.

When Reginald departed, he left Miss Steadman in a sad state of bewilderment, and he was more perplexed than ever.

CHAPTER VI.

WE will now return to the kindhearted Dr. Cranston; it is evening, and he has just sat down to peruse the papers that had been given to him by the dying woman.

They are most of them yellow with age; but the first he takes up is much fresher looking, it is a letter from the old nurse to Dr. Cranston, and reads as follows:

"HONORED SIR: The kindness you have always shown to a poor old woman has made me venture to trouble you, by entrusting to your care the inclosed few papers, which belonged to my poor, dear young mistress. They were found by my sister in the room, in her house, which the poor, dear child had occupied, and must have been left there by accident when she fled away; where, I have never been able to discover."

"If, after you have read them through, you would try to find out the young gentleman, my poor, dear mistress's husband, and let him have them, I am sure he would value them more than all the world besides."

"In order that you may be enabled more easily to find the young gentleman to whom I wish the papers to be given, I have sent you all the particulars that I know."

"When the late Mr. Steadman married, I went with his wife as her maid. They resided at the Hall, and for two years all was bright and happy; but alas, when dear Miss Agnes was born Mrs. Steadman died. Mr. Steadman was a very silent, proud sort of a man; and after the death of his wife he shut himself up entirely in his own room, and took but little notice of his child, except to punish her with the greatest severity, for any childish offenses which came under his notice."

"He undertook the education of Miss Agnes himself; and although he was very severe in punishing the poor child when her lessons were imperfectly said, yet for weeks together he would never have her near him, or teach her anything at all. Surely never had a father so good, so affectionate, so lovely a child, and it was a wonder to all of us servants at the Hall that the master could treat so harshly as he did, one whom we all so dearly loved, and to save whom from punishment we would one and all have done anything."

"But years passed, and when my young mistress was about fifteen, two young gentlemen came to live at the Rectory with Dr. Forester, the rector of the parish; one was named Charles Melville, and the other, Reginald Edwards."

"However my young mistress came first of all to meet Charles Melville I do not know, for she seldom went beyond the Hall grounds, but some time after the two young gentlemen had come to the Rectory, the master asked them and Dr. Forester to the Hall, and they were constantly there ever after."

"At last, one day when Miss Agnes was about seventeen, she came to me; and throwing her arms round my neck, kissed me, and said:

"Dear, dear Nurse, will you do me the greatest possible favor in the world, and promise faithfully you will never tell any one about it?"

"You know, darling, I said, 'I will do anything in my power for you; and as for telling anybody, if it would hurt you, my child, I would not open my lips if I were killed for it.'"

"Miss Agnes seated herself on her little stool at my feet, and hiding her lovely face in my lap, told me, amidst tears and sobs, that she loved Charles Melville and had promised to marry him; but as he was going away very soon, he wanted her to do so at once; and she had said that she would, but what she wanted me to do, was to go with her to the church."

"As you may imagine, honored sir, I was tremendously surprised at this request, for I had hitherto looked upon my young mistress as a child, and here she was talking about being married. I did all I could to dissuade her from what I could but think was a very foolish, mad scheme, and which must, I felt sure, end badly. I bid her tell my master, and said I was certain he would give his consent to her marrying Charles Melville when she was old enough, but that now they were both too young to think about matrimony. Poor, dear Miss Agnes looked very frightened at the bare thought of speaking to her father on such a subject; and she told me, moreover, that she and Charles were determined to be married before he went away, and if I would not come to the church, sorry as they would be to do so, they would get married without me."

"As I found I had no power to persuade my dear young mistress, when Charles Melville was urging all he could on the other side, I at length gave a very reluctant consent, being won by Miss Agnes's tears."

"Dr. Forester was away from home at the time, and therefore a young clergyman, by the name of Bentley was to marry them."

"One morning, under pretense of a walk into the village, my young mistress and I went out. We were met by Charles Melville and his friend, Mr. Edwards, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the little church, Mr. Edwards and myself being the only witnesses."

"About six months after this, Charles Melville and his friend left the place, Mr. Charles to join his father in some foreign country. It was a dreadful parting. I tore my young mistress away from her noble husband, more dead than alive, and for some days I was obliged to keep her in bed, lest her violent grief might be seen by my master. At this time I urged Miss Agnes, with all my might, to tell her father, but whenever I mentioned the subject, she appeared so very frightened at the bare idea of such a thing, I was compelled to desist."

"I had now confided to me another secret which made me utterly miserable, though it did not at all startle my innocent young mistress."

"One morning when Mr. Melville had been gone a month or six weeks, I was cutting some flowers in the garden, by Miss Agnes's direction, when a gentleman rode up to the hall door, whose face I was sure I had seen before. At last I recognized the clergyman who had married my young mistress. At the sight of this gentleman I felt, though I could not tell why, a terror come over me, such as I had never felt before. I suppose the dreadful secret which I knew made me nervous."

"I did what I could to dismiss all misgivings and uneasiness from my mind, but in vain, for it was with a quickened pulse and a beating heart that I went on with my occupation. I had finished cutting my flowers, and was assisting my young mistress, in her little sitting-room, to cut out some frocks for the village-school children, when the footman knocked at the door, and told Miss Agnes that his master wished to see her. What then passed between them I never rightly knew. The events of those unhappy days were so terrible, that I have never since been able to call them properly to remembrance."

"I can only guess at what really passed, for Miss Agnes never told me all. When she returned, she was sobbing fearfully, and was as pale as a ghost. Between the faintings and violent hysterics into which she was thrown, she told me that her father had been awfully angry, and had called her a disgrace to him; and said that Mr. Bentley was coming the next day to ask her to marry him, and if she did not consent, he threatened her so far as to declare he would murder her."

"No one can tell what I suffered that dreadful night, as I sat by my poor dear young mistress. I thought I should go clean out of my mind."

"In the morning Miss Agnes was better, though still very ill, and when Mr. Bentley came, I almost carried her down-stairs to the interview with her father and him."

"From this interview Miss Agnes was carried back, more dead than alive; and her father told me on no account to let her stir from her room without his permission."

"It must have been at this time that my master discovered our terrible secret, for from that moment Mr. Steadman acted to his daughter more like a madman than anything I ever saw or heard of. No one would believe the cruelty with which her father treated poor Miss Agnes, and his fury only increased the more my young lady refused to marry Mr. Bentley, who had taken up his abode at the Hall, and was with my master day and night."

"At length, driven to it by her father's cruelty and Mr. Bentley's persecution, Miss Agnes left the Hall, and I, honored sir, helped her flight."

"She went straight to a sister of mine, and I would have followed her immediately, only we thought, in case of inquiry, my presence at the Hall would avert suspicion from her real hiding-place."

"My young mistress wrote to me very often; and it was at my sister's house she was confined, and six weeks after her little girl was born, my master was found dead in his bed."

"Some one must have given my young mistress a very dreadful account of her father's death; for she left suddenly with her child, only leaving on a slip of paper these words:

"I am the murderer of my father; I go forth like Cain, with the brand on my brow!"

"These papers, as I have before told you, she left behind, and my sister at once sent them to me."

"I have sought for my darling child high and low, but have never found even a trace of her."

"The body of a young girl was found in the river, which they said was Miss Agnes; but I will never believe it, for if it was, where was the child? And would my young lady have parted with her baby?"

"I have now told you all about the sad history of my beloved Miss Agnes. Please try to find Mr. Melville, and give him the papers; for I will never believe he willfully forsook my sweet, darling child."

"I am, your grateful servant,
"ANN JONES."

The next paper was a diary, which seemed to have been regularly kept from the time of Agnes's marriage. The first part the doctor skipped for it was events the nurse had already given.

"How shall I write what has happened," was the beginning of the first entry the doctor read; "how describe the scene of this morning? Never have I seen papa so angry; never have I been so frightened. Often have I stood trembling in that room in former days, when he was about to punish me for some childish offense, which he considered deserved condign punishment—but never have I known what real terror is until this day."

"What fearful names papa called me! What could he mean by them all? My brain, even now, whirls at the thought. How violently did he dash me to the ground, as, clinging to his

knees, I implored, with all the eloquence I could command, that he would spare me from that last, that most cruel threat of all, a marriage with Mr. Bentley."

"I may have until to-morrow to reflect over it. God help me! reflection will do me but little good; how can I, the wife of Charles Melville, marry any other man? Surely, the condemned criminal who is to die on the morrow dreads not the coming of another day more than I do!"

"Each day, if possible, more miserable than the last. Papa still insists upon my marrying Mr. Bentley, and says I am disgraced."

"Oh, my darling! why are you not here to protect your wretched wife?"

"Bentley is still here. He persecutes me with his attentions; I have not a moment's peace for him. I cannot endure this much longer; but what can I do? He says my marriage was but a mock ceremony to deceive me, and that Charles has already tired of his plaything, and deserted me."

"He has asked me how often I have heard from Charles since he left. I was obliged to own that I had only had one letter from him, a few hurried lines written to tell me he had arrived safely."

"He has shown me a letter. He says it is from my husband's friend, in which he asks how Melville's little girl is, and hopes she has forgotten her faithless swain, as he has forgotten her. And adds, 'He is soon to be married to another.' But I will not believe it. No! I never will believe that he is false to me!"

"Mr. Bentley says, papa will curse me—drive me a beggar from his door. Oh! what can I do? I have nothing left but to die! Oh, God, that I might die, and yet, in killing myself I should commit a double murder, and take away another life. No, I must bear patiently, and put my trust in God."

"The crisis has come. I have had another fearful scene with papa, who attempted to strike me, and would have done so, had it not been for Mr. Bentley. I at least owe him thanks for that. Papa says I must marry Mr. Bentley to-morrow; but I am determined to fly from here, before I will consent to become the wife of another."

"Nurse tells me her sister is a good, kind woman, and will take care of me; I shall start at once. But, oh! how ill I feel. What would I not give to behold my dear husband once more?"

"I am now a mother—the mother of an innocent little girl. They say she looks like me; may God grant she may be saved from my fate! Oh! darling, if you could look at our babe how proud—how happy you would be!"

"Mr. Bentley has found me out, and tells me that my conduct has killed my father—that he died of a broken heart. Then I am a murderer—the murderer of my father. I must wander from here, for Mr. Bentley says he will force me to marry him; and as I have no one to protect me, I must again fly."

"Sometimes I think I shall go mad. Oh! God, watch over and protect my own precious babe!"

Here ended the diary of the unhappy Agnes; and a tear stood in the good doctor's eye, as he laid it down.

On the following morning he called upon Miss Steadman and gave her the papers which afforded so much information, as to the melancholy history of her young relative.

A ray of light broke on the old lady's mind as she read poor Agnes's diary, and with tears rolling fast down her cheeks, for she was greatly affected, she sobbed out to her friend the doctor, that she believed it had pleased God to make her the humble instrument, in His hands, of preserving poor Agnes's child from misery and want.

The doctor then received an account of the interview the old lady had had with Mr. Edwards, and the wonderful likeness which he had observed between her protégée, Mary, and Mr. Melville's wife.

When Miss Steadman had finished, the doctor, gently taking her hand in his, said, "I am convinced, dear friend, that you are right in your supposition. Well hath the sacred Preacher of old exclaimed, in your case, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and you shall find it after many days.'"

The next day the nurse's letter and Agnes's diary, together with a note from Dr. Cranston, stating how these papers had fallen into his hands, were sent to Mr. Melville. How deeply he was affected on receiving them, will be seen in another chapter.

THE LOST LINK:

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XLV.—(CONTINUED).

ALGERNON listened with deep and horrified attention to the slowly spoken and broken narrative, and it was with no ordinary difficulty that he suppressed his emotion, so as not to increase the distress of the invalid. He could comprehend much of the imperfect tale he had heard. He remembered the sudden and suspicious death of the old lawyer; he connected it with the confession which Helen Mervyn had made, and the justice which she had, when too late, done to his injured mother's memory; and little doubt remained in his mind as to the nature of the documents which were thus violently abstracted from the solicitor's keeping, and still unfortunately missing. But all this must be for future thought and reflection. For the present, his great object was to soothe the dying woman, whose sufferings had indeed atoned for any errors of her past life, or injuries inflicted on others. He spoke gentle words of sympathy and hope; he bade her look

to another and happier world, and now that she had unburdened her heart by imparting to him this wretched discovery of crime, he urged her to at once seek for peace and pardon where alone it could be found.

"For my unhappy brother," he said, "I can but plead his unfortunate training, and the dark, ambitious nature he inherited from my father. He was taught to hate and distrust me from my birth—to look on himself as the sole legitimate possessor of the property and name of Dacre—and the fierce passions and desires of his youth deepened into ungovernable intensity in after years. Alice, my sister, forgive him from your heart, as I do. I believe that he loved you, and I believe that the tortures he has suffered may well plead for his pardon. 'Forgive, as ye would be forgiven,' and may God soften his heart, and lead him to the deep penitence that can alone avail in his last hours."

"God grant it!" said a soft voice.

It was Olivia, who had entered unobserved during her husband's last words, and stood near the bedside, like an angel of peace and hope.

"Forgive me, dear Alice," she continued; "I should not have intruded uncalled, did I not believe I have that to tell which will soothe your regrets for the past, and, it may be, lessen your bitterness for your unhappy husband. Algernon, look here, what an extraordinary, or, rather, providential thing I have discovered! You will be fully vindicated at last, and your father's memory cleared of one dark cloud, if my conjectures are correct."

She placed the packet in her husband's hands. It bore the endorsement, "Last Will and Testament of Rupert Dacre, of Dacre Abbey," and was without doubt the document that Frank Mervyn had saved from the flames when Sir Geoffrey attempted its destruction. The date was only a few hours before Sir Rupert's death.

Algernon untied the ribbon which fastened it, and hastily examined the document. It was clear, and comparatively brief. Besides the will, there were several memoranda and three or four letters, all bearing on the same subject. One of the letters was addressed to Algernon. It had been written by the lawyer, at Sir Rupert's dictation, and only signed by the baronet. It expressed in stern but sincere terms the full retraction of all the doubts and injuries cast upon Algernon's mother in former years, and the recognition of Algernon himself as the true and lawful son of Sir Rupert.

Two other letters were addressed to the trustees under the new will, begging them to see its conditions carried out as speedily as possible, in compensation to the son who had been so unjustly and cruelly treated. There was also a short note to Mr. Selwyn, requesting his presence at the Abbey, and dated but a day or so before Sir Rupert's death. This identified the other papers (with the exception of the will) as having been in the possession of the lawyer on the night of his murder.

Algernon turned to Olivia with almost speechless emotion.

"Olivia, my better angel, my own peerless wife," he whispered. Then turning to the pale, wondering sufferer, he said, gently, "Alice, I am at last fully replaced in the birthright I had lost; and I believe that the discovery just made so unaccountably by my dear wife is a full explanation of the story you have imparted to me, but which shall be henceforth buried in oblivion. The plots and schemes that have wrought so much evil are at length fully unraveled and defeated. Oh, if you could but live to share our happiness, as you have shared our sufferings!"

But it was too late. The death fiat had gone forth, and the hour of the full atonement, and the complete triumph of the man she had loved and forfeited, was the hour of the ill-fated Alice's departure from a world that had once held out such brilliant promises to her, and laid such flattering homage at her feet. She died in Olivia's arms, her hand resting in Algernon's, her last words murmuring blessings on those who had smoothed her deathbed, and praying for pardon, even as she forgave the husband who had wrought her such deep woe.

It was perhaps well for the two, now so richly blessed with every gift that could insure their temporal happiness, that the very hour that saw its completion brought such a lesson of its uncertainty and its brief duration. It gave a chastened, subdued character to their joy, and taught them to bow in humble gratitude to Him who had wrought such wonders for them. And the tears that fell on Alice's dying face spoke of the generous sorrow and sympathy of these highly favored and happy ones.

Little remains to be told of the remaining characters of this tale. Isabel Abby had waited in half-fretful, half-submissive expectation for the time when it should please Lord Rushbrooke, or some smaller title, to propose to her. But waiting in vain, and becoming rather desperate under the certain signs of an alteration in her complexion, she eloped with a handsome young captain of an infantry regiment, who, when the crash in her father's fortunes came, through losses in the West Indies, and foolish railway and mining speculations in England, undertaken probably with a view to retrieve those losses, felt himself particularly disgusted at being what he called "done," and not a little inconvenienced by a very extravagant and utterly useless wife. He changed into an Indian regiment, the English pay not sufficing for her maintenance, and took her to a country where her health completely gave way. She returned home a miserable invalid, to find her mother dead, and her father indebted for the comfort and competence of his declining years to the grateful bounty of the Countess of Ashton, whom, as the poor and friendless Olivia, she had so scorned and ill-treated in former years.

But the young countess nobly returned good

for evil; and her arrangements for the comfort of her former guardian and his daughter were at once so generous and so delicate, that they rather appeared to be doing her a favor in allowing her to show her sense of the shelter she had received in her childhood, and which she maintained had certainly been the cause of the discovery of her parentage, and the indirect source of her present happiness.

And Sir Geoffrey Dacre—what had been heard of him? Nothing for six months after the death of his unhappy wife. But about that time there came a letter from Cairo, written by the English Consul, informing Captain Algernon Dacre of the death of Sir Geoffrey Dacre, from a severe fall at the Pyramids. The accident was entirely his own fault, as he had persisted in ascending without the usual guide. The Consul begged Algernon to repair at once to Cairo, to receive the various papers and effects of his deceased brother and complete all subsequent arrangements.

Algernon set off immediately for the spot, leaving Olivia to the care of Mr. Abby and Mrs. Ross. He did not stay away long, but when he returned, his face had a graver, sadder look than when he left.

"There is a trouble on your mind, Algernon, dear," said Olivia, that night when they were alone. "Let me share it with you."

He looked into the dear young face, so wistful in its yearning love to him. Perhaps he hesitated in revealing all the painful doubts and suspicions that had been whispered at Cairo.

"Olivia, dear one," he said, and he took the upturned face in his hands, and kissed the trembling lips, for she had half guessed the truth, "Olivia, we must not judge harshly; but Geoffrey, my miserable brother, I fear, found life too burdensome to be borne. I can only hope that his death was indeed accidental."

"Heaven have mercy on his soul!" she answered. Could she have said anything better? [THE END.]

THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION IN SESSION.

THE sessions of the Joint High Commission, in the State Department, Washington, D.C., are conducted with great secrecy. Knowing well the enterprise of Yankee journalists—that no walls are too high, no waters too deep, no fires too hot, and no icebergs too slippery to prevent their securing reliable intelligence for the great reading public—these distinguished gentlemen will pass a sly wink around their council-board, and resolve, *entre-eux*, to divulge nothing of their grave labors until their respective Governments are in possession of the official reports.

We have published, in previous numbers, accurate portraits of all the Commissioners, with brief biographical sketches. Now, thanks to our persevering artists at the National Capital, our readers have an opportunity of seeing how these gentlemen look and act when assembled for deliberation. Three rooms are placed at their service—one to each branch, for private consultation, and the large one for general business and debate.

HON. J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE, AND SECRETARY, ON THE PART OF THE UNITED STATES, OF THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSION.

THE Hon. J. C. B. Davis, Assistant-Secretary of State—and represented in our large picture in his function as Secretary, on the part of the United States, of "The Joint High Commission" of the United States and Great Britain—is the son of the late John Davis, of Massachusetts, for some time Governor of that Commonwealth, and afterward its Representative in the Senate of the United States—in both capacities gaining the well-deserved title of "Honest John Davis." The Assistant-Secretary of State was born, December 29th, 1822; graduated at Harvard College in 1840; was Secretary of the American Legation in London in 1849-52; subsequently a member of the New York Bar and of the New York Legislature, and in 1869 invited to his present position, which he fills with the good sense that mainly results from long public experience added to natural intelligence, careful education and much practice in public affairs.

AN AMERICAN ARCADIA.

IN the Lake of Peten is an island on which stands the little isolated town of Flores. Of its inhabitants M. Morelet, in his "Travels in Central America," translated by Mrs. M. F. Squier, and just published by Leypoldt & Holt, draws an engaging picture:

"In the streets of Flores there are neither shops nor artisans; there is no market even; every one depends on his own production, or on such exchanges as he may be able to make with his neighbors, for his food. If any one has need of money, he prepares some article of domestic consumption such as chocolate, bread, or candles, and sends his children about with them, from hut to hut, in search of a purchaser. At long intervals some enterprising man among them takes a cow or horse to Belize, and exchanges it there for a petty package of English goods. Very little suffices for a population whose only ambition is to live without labor. European activity, which unceasingly applies itself to the accumulation of wealth, could not be comprehended by the inhabitants of Peten; but, on the other hand, they are ignorant of the infinite annoyances which follow on the laborious fermentation of the Old World. No one here ever thinks of speculation as a means of acquiring wealth. Destitute of ambition, and without strong passion of any kind, the certainty of a sufficiency for bare existence is all they require to make them happy;

and this certainly is assured to them by the extent and the fertility of the lands by which they are surrounded. Possession is the only title to the soil which they recognize. Any one who clears a piece of ground, makes use of it as long as he pleases, and if any dispute arises as to its ownership, it is soon settled by the paternal authority of the corregidor. However, there is this advantage in Flores, that instead of one's ears being deafened by the discordant sounds of the hammer and the sugar-mill, they are filled constantly with the harmony of musical instruments. As soon as the sun goes down and the evening breeze sets in, the town is full of sounds of mirth and hilarity, which continue until the night is far advanced. And thus life ebbs away in the midst of perfect quiet, and in utter indifference as to what the future may bring forth. The desire for novelty, improvement or change never enters into the thoughts of the inhabitants. Every one having received the same amount of education, and enjoying in an equal degree the privilege of doing nothing, the most perfect equality exists in society, which is not troubled by the pretensions of its members on the score of birth, learning or fortune.

"Few days pass consecutively in Flores without the sound of the *marimba* inviting its inhabitants to some new festivity. No other form of invitation is extended. The door is open for all. The spectators assemble in groups around the entrance, looking on with democratic freedom, and making their comments aloud. There you see the alcalde or the corregidor alternating in the same *fandango* with the meanest citizen. The mother succeeds the daughter, the negress the white woman; rank, age, caste—all the conditions which elsewhere separate society—seem to be confounded here. Persons giving parties do the honors of the house in the most unpretentious manner possible; a dozen candles, a supply of chairs collected from a dozen neighboring houses, a few homely refreshments, and the engagement of one or two performers on the *marimba*, constitute the entire preparations. Our notions of delicacy occasionally receive something of a shock from certain customs here, which, to say the least, are of an extremely primitive character. The same glass, for instance, circulates among the guests until drained, while a spoon alternates from hand to hand, with the same jar of sweetmeats. Nor do the ladies, after the fatigues of dancing, hesitate to recuperate their energies through the aid of a glass of rum, at the same time lighting a cigar of size and strength sufficient to turn the stomach of our hardest smokers."

MARVELS OF DISCOVERY.

AN artificial ivory may be prepared by triturating gun-cotton with solid camphor, which, being subjected to hydraulic pressure, and then coated with a compound of gun-cotton and castor-oil, may be formed into billiard-balls, which are pronounced by experts to be superior to the natural ivory.

HERB D. HUSEMAN gives an account of a reddish-colored dust which fell along with snow in the Swiss canton Du Vaud in the winter of 1867. According to a calculation, made from experiments and observations conducted with care, the quantity of dust fallen over the entire surface of the canton amounted to about 1,500 tons.

THE addition to the building for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, at an expense of upward of \$60,000, is rapidly going on. Professor Agassiz has returned to Cambridge with restored health, and with new plans for the enlargement of his Museum. Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, has returned with his party from the Rocky Mountains.

GAS wells of a very remarkable nature have been discovered in Ohio, and described by Professor Newberry, of the Geological Survey of that State. Near Millwood two wells give out oil. Two or three miles below these, in the valley of the Kokosing, borings have been made; and at the depth of 600 feet the augers struck into vertical crevices and sunk several feet without resistance. From these borings, such a volume of carburetted hydrogen issued as was unparalleled in any of the oil exploration. The gas of one of these wells, lighted at the end of a pipe two inches in the clear, set in the well-head, produced a jet of flame twenty feet long and as large as a hog's head. The gas appears to be pure, and in quantity sufficient to light a large city.

THE organ of the Zurich Society of Natural History publishes a curious account of the travels of the glacier of Mont Rosa during the last sixty years. For fifty years it steadily and surely approached the town of Zermatt, moving at the rate of about three feet a week during the spring months. Its way was through pastures and grain-fields, over which it passed like a devouring pestilence. Its approach was heralded by great boulders, which it kept constantly moving before it. Serious apprehensions were at one time entertained for the safety of the town, which lay directly in its track. But during the last ten years, this ice-monster has changed the direction of its movement, and thus the danger has been averted; but the fields through which its track lay can never be again cultivated on account of the many immense fragments of stone by which its course was thickly marked, and which are deeply embedded in the soil.

MR. DARWIN has just discovered, in the recesses of his inner consciousness, some remarkable facts in the natural history of Adam and Eve Darwin. The early progenitors of men, he decides, were no doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement; and their bodies were provided with a tail, having the proper muscles. Their limbs and bodies were also acted on by many muscles which now only occasionally reappear, but are normally present in the Quadrumania. The great artery and nerve of the humerus ran through a supra-condyloid foramen. At this, or some earlier period, the intestine gave forth a much larger diverticulum or caecum than that now existing. The foot, judging from the condition of the great toe in the fetus, was then prehensile; and our progenitors, no doubt, were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm, forest-clad land. The males were provided with great canine teeth, which served them as formidable weapons. At a much earlier period the uterus was double; the excreta were voided through a cloaca; and the eye was

protected by a third eyelid or nictitating membrane. At a still earlier period, the progenitors of man must have been aquatic in their habits, for morphology plainly tells us that our lungs consist of a modified swim-bladder, which once served as a float. The clefts on the neck in the embryo of man show where the bronchiae once existed. At about this period the true kidneys were replaced by the corpora testicularia. The heart existed as a simple pulsating vessel; and the chorda dorsalis took the place of a vertebral column. These early predecessors of man, thus seen in the dim recesses of time, must have been as lowly organized as the lancelet or amphioxus or even still more lowly organized!

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

FENNYSON has a disease of the eyes, from which it is feared he will lose their use.

D'AUBIGNÉ is now eighty years of age, and is bright, vigorous and industrious as ever.

It is said that M. Emile de Girardin intends to take up his residence in the United States.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC practices daily with his pistol, and now snuffs a candle at twenty paces.

LADY PIGOTT, the celebrated English agriculturist, is nursing the wounded in the German hospitals.

QUEEN VICTORIA has recently given forty acres of her estate in the neighborhood of Coburg to the children of Prince Albert's nurse.

DR. MARY C. PUTNAM is one of the few Americans who remained in Paris during the siege. She is acting as a surgeon in the French service.

THE war contribution of 200,000,000 francs imposed on Paris was sent in a funeral carriage to the headquarters of Emperor William, at Versailles.

DR. ALEXANDER HOSACK, who died in Newport, R. I., recently, was the first to use ether as an anesthetic agent in New York, and the originator of the Ward's Island Hospital.

THREE Polish ladies recently took the veil at the convent of the Barefoot Carmelite Nuns of Posen, in Prussia, bringing an endowment of almost \$200,000 to the lucky convent.

LECKY, who wrote "The Rise and Fall of Rationalism," and several other books, is soon to become the husband of the Baroness Van Dedem, lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Holland.

THE Pope has informed King Amadeus of Spain that he is included in the excommunication pronounced against his father, unless he issues a protest against the occupation of Rome.

THE Emperor Alexander of Russia has accepted the title of patron to the Russian Geographical Society, at its twenty-fifth annual celebration. He also gave a subsidy of \$5,000 a year to said society.

PRESIDENT GRANT, General Sherman, Secretary Belknap, and many other prominent army officers and public men, are to be present at the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee, in Cincinnati, in April.

GLADSTONE is reported to be in straitened financial circumstances. He has recently been forced to sell most of his private property to meet his obligations, incurred, it is stated, by his liberal mode of entertaining.

OF the famous Hone Club, the best known and most prominent in New York city, twenty-five years ago, Moses H. Grinnell, R. M. Blatchford, and Charles A. Stetson are said to be the only members now living.

THE Crown-Prince of Saxony is mentioned in a pen photograph as a very tall, spare, bashful, awkward man, with milk-and-water eyes, and long, thin, straggling yellow hair—in short, a mature Master Slender.

KAISER WILLIAM is stated to have been so delighted with Versailles, that he talks of pulling down his summer palace (Balsberg) at Potsdam, and erecting in its place something like the sumptuous pile built by Louis XIV.

A SWISS journal says only six women—three English, two German, and one American—ever climbed to the summit of Mont Blanc since Jacques Balmat first made the ascent in 1786. The question is, Who is the great American climber?

THE wife of Bismarck is reported to be very plain, and the Chancellor, never noted for beauty, says he is so homely that he is often mistaken for his spouse. She, too, with rare good sense, is constantly jesting about her want of personal charms.

COLONEL FREDERICK W. HADFIELD, of New York, has been appointed Military Secretary to Governor Hoffman. Colonel Hadfield is a gentleman every way qualified for the post, and his many friends will regard the appointment as fitting and deserved.

MADAME GEORGE SAND, it is now asserted, intends to edit an ultra-radical, red republican journal in Paris, having already made an engagement as to salary and duties. The last we heard of her, she was preparing for a long journey in the East.

IT is stated that Baron Haussmann has received a commission to improve certain parts of Rome, and will soon pull down many of the old buildings in the Trastevere region, beginning his work in the neighborhood of the famous Cenci Palace, long used as a common tenement-house.

A LETTER from Rome says Pio Nino would care very little about the loss of his temporal power, if Antonelli, other Cardinals and the Jesuits would only cease to remind him how deeply he has been wronged, and of the great evil done to the Holy Catholic Church.

BISMARCK is said to have kept a complete diary of all public events, and his personal relation thereto, for the last thirty years; and he intends to prepare, as soon as the continental troubles are over, a history of his own times. He is a clear, terse and forcible writer, and his style is well adapted to such a work.

THE Bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States have quite generally made appeals to their respective dioceses in behalf of the suffering French, Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, alone refusing to do so. It is said that he was one of the staunchest and most radical loyalists during the rebellion, and especially resented the treachery of France in endeavoring to set up a monarchy in Mexico. It is alleged that he never quite forgave France her offense against us, and that in remembrance of her conduct then he is not disposed to extend her relief now.

INTELLIGENCE has been received of the death of Colonel Burr Porter, of Newark, N. J., on the 9th of December last, while fighting with Garibaldi's army. Colonel Porter's name was mentioned in connection with a high foreign appointment some months ago. He left home in November for France, on a special mission. He was killed while leading a force of infantry into the hottest of the battle, shouting, but a few moments before being struck: "See how Americans fight!" He had seen hard service during the Crimean and our late war, was a man of thorough American habits and sentiments, and at his death fulfilled a destiny which he had long looked upon as certain.



WASHINGTON D. C.—STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSIONERS, MARCH 9TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—PLAZA DEL MERCADO, THE MARKET-PLACE OF SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE COMMISSIONERS.

STATE DINNER TO THE JOINT HIGH COMMISSIONERS.

THE English members of the Joint High Commission, after laying aside their thinking costumes for the day, have abundant opportunities of studying the political and social phases of life at the National Capital. The democratic simplicity that prevails on all State occasions is to them a great surprise, yet it has tended to relieve them of much of the embarrassment attending official labors at a foreign capital. They have been feted by the most distinguished members of the Government, and they in turn have extended the like courtesy to our own officers. The most *recherché* occasion of the kind, however, was the banquet given the members of the Commission by President Grant, in the state dining-hall of the Executive Mansion, on the 9th of March. The vast hall was elaborately decorated, the choicest exotics vying with the bright colors of our national standard in imparting brilliancy to the scene. The table contained many golden vases, filled with flowers, while above all, were arranged a series of beautiful floral arches, terminating in a crown of mignonnettes. The guests numbered thirty-six, and by the plate of each stood a ground-glass vase on a silver pedestal, containing a bouquet. The guests were seated at seven o'clock. The centre of the table was occupied by President Grant, and on his right were Lady Thornton, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mrs. Secretary Fish, Prof. Montague Bernard, Commissioner Williams, Mrs. Columbus Delano, and Assistant-Secretary of State Davis. On the President's left were Mrs. Vice-President Colfax, Sir John A. Macdonald, General Schenck, Mrs. Secretary Boutwell, and Secretary Belknap. Opposite the President were Mrs. Grant, the Earl de Grey and Ripon, in full court costume, Secretary Fish, Sir Edward Thornton, Mrs. Williams, Judge Hoar, Mrs. Davis, Secretary Robeson, Vice-President Colfax, Lady Macdonald, Judge Nelson, Lord Tenterden, Mrs. Speaker Blaine, Secretary Boutwell, Attorney-General Ackerman, Postmaster-General Creswell, Speaker Blaine, Dr. Sharpe, and Miss

Schenck. At half-past nine the ladies and some of the gentlemen repaired to the Blue Parlor, while the remainder of the guests carried on a lively conversation over cigars.

The entire affair was a most enjoyable one, and the party separated, each nationality bearing the best wishes for the other.

SCENES IN SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

THE Plaza del Mercado is the only market-place in Santo Domingo City, and while it is always crowded with natives, very few white

persons are ever seen there. The principal articles of sale are tropical fruits, but many of the people seem to partake somewhat of the Yankee's desire for speculation, and bring various articles of household furniture and ornament to trade off on some unsophisticated native.

As the list of produce is quite limited, and the supply pretty full, sales are not rapid, and the stall-keepers find the days pass exceedingly slowly. Many bring their sewing—an accomplishment in which they are by no means proficient—and while the sun is blistering their bananas and drying the oranges, they sit and sew, tell stories and nod, stretch to full length and snore, and enjoy perfect bliss. Whether

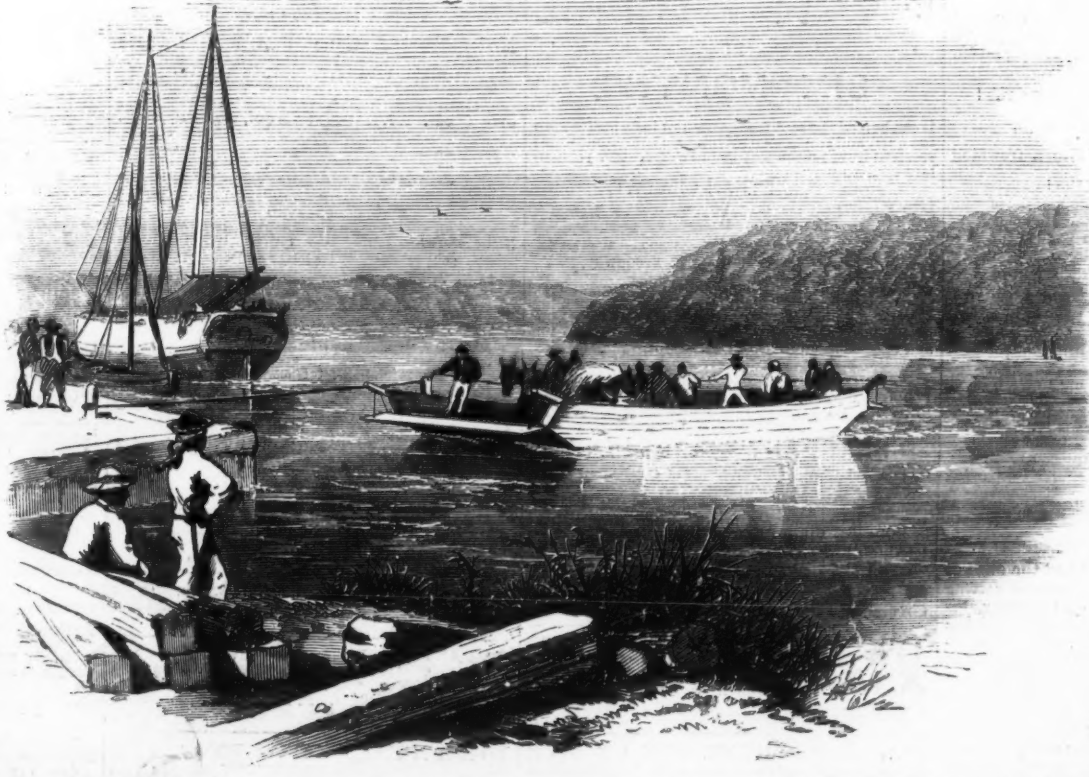
the parrot in its cage on the right is there for sale or company depends upon the whim of its owner.

At all events, it is bound to mingle its confusing screeches with the hum, shouting and bickering of its larger companions. The scene is one of interest to strangers, and afforded the United States Commissioners, on many occasions, much merriment.

At Santo Domingo City, the Ozama River is shallow, one hundred yards wide; and the ferry is located but a short distance above the northeast angle of the wall of the city. It is a decidedly primitive affair, the scows being propelled by natives hauling on the hawser attached to a post on each bank. They are quite commodious, and answer very well the present mercantile demands of the Republic.

ETIQUETTE.

SALT-SPOONS are of comparatively recent date even in England, and in our time at Oxford (twenty years ago), were never used in hall; and to this day they are rarely seen on the Continent in private families. They are met with at *tables d'hôte* frequented by the English, but even there, I have heard, were never seen fifty years ago. The salt-cellar was the common property of all, and, as our author says, salt "must be eaten at the point of the knife." The French do not put their knives into their mouths as the English used to do, and as the Germans do. When Madame de Staël visited England nearly sixty years ago, she dined at the house of one of the leading Whig noblemen, and, having delighted a large party with her wit and vivacity, two of the daughters of the host were asked what they thought of her, when they remarked that they could not understand how so celebrated a person could have such dirty habits—"she actually helped herself to salt with her knife." I have frequently seen foreigners do the same, even when a salt-spoon has been in the salt; and I perfectly remember the expression of surprise from a young Frenchman—a thoroughbred gentleman—upon his seeing, for the first time, a salt-spoon placed over the salt-cellar. In answer to his in-



THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—THE FERRY ACROSS THE OZAMA RIVER, AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE COMMISSIONERS.

ries, being told that it was to help oneself to salt, he took it up in his left hand, then filling it with salt "with the point of his knife" in his right hand, he poured it on the margin of his plate, exclaiming, with satisfaction: "Dieu! que c'est commode."

I may mention (says an old diplomat) another nice point of etiquette upon which I was myself schooled many years ago, by a French lady of the highest fashion, and whose remarks I have never forgotten. I found one afternoon in her company a venerable English diplomatist, at that time well known in Switzerland. Upon his leaving the room, she remarked: "How singular that a man who has seen so much of the world should be so ill-bred!" Upon my requesting the favor of an explanation, she said: "Why, did you not perceive that, instead of occupying the chair next to the one where I was seated, he left one vacant between his and mine?" Upon which she delivered a long philippic against such *malséante gaucherie*, which edified me extremely, and upon my kissing her hand in taking leave, I thanked her with a quotation from "Rousseau." "Les discours sensés d'une femme de mérite sont plus propres à former un jeune homme, que toute la pédantesque philosophie des livres." At the distance of a quarter of a century, I devoutly believe in the truth of this axiom.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Do ballet girls make ballet women?

THE song of the Dismal Swamp—"Arma Virumque Canoe."

PROPHETCY fulfilled—Bismarck's sentence, "Let Paris stew in her own Gravy."

GRATIFYING ADVERTISEMENT.—The Theatre of War is closed for the present. A peace is in preparation which we hope will have an unprecedented run.

"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" was recently very ably discussed by a debating society. The conclusion arrived at was, that it was not wrong, but impossible.

THAT purist in English, the *Nation*, speaking of an irregular marriage, says: "The arrangement by which the parties live together as long as they find it thoroughly pleasant, is that common among birds, beasts, and fishes" (sic.)

THE great joiner—The lawyer. He can replace a tenant, empanel a jury, box a witness, bore the court, chisel his client, augur the gains, floor a witness, cut his board, nail the case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and gouge the whole community.

"So THERE'S another rupture of Mount Vofiferous," observed Mrs. Partington, as she put down her paper and folded up her specs. "The paper tells about the burning ladder running down the mountain, but don't state how it got on fire. 'Work of an incendiary,' I suppose."

THE following words really formed the peroration of the counsel's plea for his client in an assault and battery case in Athens, Ala.: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow; but, gentlemen of the jury, I say John Gundle is not guilty."

JENKINS has much to contend with. In describing a recent ball at Columbia, S. C., he attempted to speak of Mrs. Theodore Hammond as "exceedingly lovely in long train and short sleeves;" but the demoniacal printers made him mention, "Mr. Theodore Hammond exceedingly lovely on a fast train in his shirt-sleeves!"

A CHILD, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva the Goddess of Wisdom." "Why didn't they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, wasn't it, mamma?" was the artless reply.

At a populous manufacturing town there was an inhabitant who held a good position as a fishmonger, and being partial to theatricals, was very kind, and gave assistance to the manager of the Theatre Royal; being anxious to make his debut, it was at last arranged that he should play *Polonius* for the manager's benefit, that gentleman himself playing *Hamlet*. The house was crammed, and the play proceeded until it came to the lines, "Do you know me, my lord?" "Excellently well. You are a fishmonger!" when the maternal parent of *Polonius* (being in front, and thinking the line was a personal insult to her son), rose and said: "Well, sir, if he is a fishmonger, he has been very kind to you, and you've no right to expose him in public."

SHAKESPEARE MIXED.

A school-teacher in Ohio, having whipped one of his unruly pupils, is threatened with the law for so doing, which gave rise to the following mixed Shakespeare soliloquy:

"To whip, or not to whip—oh, there's the rub! Whether 'tis better to let loose the rein And, by indulgence, spoil the darling child, Or heed the counsel of wise Solomon And 'spare not the rod,' but face a frowning Judge—

Ah, there's the rub! there's the rub! "O Lord, from any such predicament—From spoiled children, and their parents spoiled! Even worse than children, whom a Darwin might hold up as proof that from the Ape His royal majesty, vain man! has sprung! For, lo! these children are like monkeys still, With mischief worse imbued, and devilry That would upset the patience of a Job; Their parents, too, in tender cruelty, Like those who would let vilest rogues go free And murderers go unhung, have little sense Of justice—or of any other kind; Though claiming to be kind, they are unkind, Even to their offspring, whom they should Train up as they should go—in wisdom's ways—And teach them to obey all righteous laws, And not rebel against 'the powers that be.' And from a Judge who never learned to teach The young idea how to shoot, but who, Drest in a little brief authority, Cuts such fantastic capers as doth make Even angels weep—good Lord deliver us!"

WHEN the fatted calf comes from the stall of the LELANDS, commend us to the killing and serving thereof. The Sturtevant House, on Broadway, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets, has been running for more than a week, under the command of Messrs. GEORGE and LEWIS LELAND. About five hundred guests sat at the inaugural dinner on March 11th, at the LELANDS' sumptuous board. A large party of ladies and gentlemen came down from Albany with CHARLES LELAND, of the Delevan, and there were also delegations of ladies and gentlemen from Boston, Philadelphia, New Haven and Norwich, Conn. The house is luxuriously furnished and decorated, and will take its place among the first-class refectories of the metropolis.

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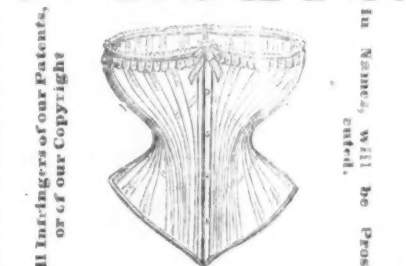
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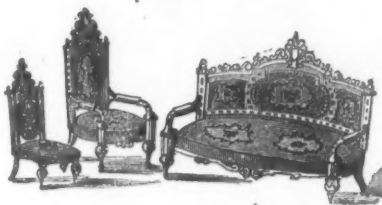
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